

# Methodist Magazine and Review.

JULY, 1902.

## MEMORIES OF QUEBEC: THE FORTRESS CITY.

BY LILLIAN W. BETTS.



“**I** NEVER saw anything more superb than the position of this town. It could not be better situated as the future capital of a great empire.” So wrote the soldier-statesman Frontenac, when first he saw Quebec in 1672.

She gleams above her granite throne ;  
Her gray walls girt her ample zone ;  
She queens the North, supreme, alone,  
wrote one of our own poets.

The visitor to Quebec quotes soldier and poet, to find both inadequate, whether he views the city from the broad expanse of the St. Lawrence, the church-crowned heights of Levis, or the Laurentian hills. Language fails again when, from terrace and citadel within the walled city, or the steps of the Parliament House, or the ever-changing view from the Grand Allee in the outer city, he watches the play of sun and cloud over the glorious Laurentian mountains and the tiny farm-houses, like beads on a string,

that follow the land-ripples at their feet. It is impossible to put into words the beauty of this scene, which of itself would kindle the imagination already aglow, as memory recalls the stories of heroism, of sacrifice, of horrors, that marked the years since Cartier planted the cross at the point of entrance to the beautiful river and celebrated mass on the shores not far beyond the spur over which the white veil of the Falls of Montmorency, with its iridescent fringe, drops into the turbulent waters at its base. Whether from within or without one views the quaint, time-honoured city,



RELIC OF JACQUES CARTIER'S BATTERY, QUEBEC.  
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MONTCALM'S HEADQUARTERS, QUEBEC.

Quebec must always be the delight of even the travel-worn tourist.

Once in the city the visitor is impressed by the constantly-recurring evidences of the past. The walls that are no longer a protection, with their ornate and dignified towers, turrets, and arches to mark the gates of the olden time, seem fitting companions of the saint-named streets, ever-recurring evidences of the unlearned pages of sacred history. History becomes vital in a city whose streets mark events, whose churches are the records of the steps of civilization on this continent. The cassock and round-crowned hat of priest and brother, the white and black robed figures of women

walking with downcast eyes from church to school, from convent to hospital, busily engaged in the vocation from which the world is viewed as a field of labour, but deepen the thought of the past, and make the present an intrusion in the inner city. One never ceases to be grateful that the Parliament House, with its modern systems and methods of government, lies outside the walls, in neighbourly relation with the Grand Allee, that magnificent avenue, with its modern houses, its car-tracks, and its air of the present time.

Everywhere the church and its service give the dominant note to the city's life. On Sunday morning absolute quiet prevails. No sound is heard on the streets but the steps of the people, and even these, with the voices, are hushed to the quiet prevailing everywhere. No street-cars are running, and



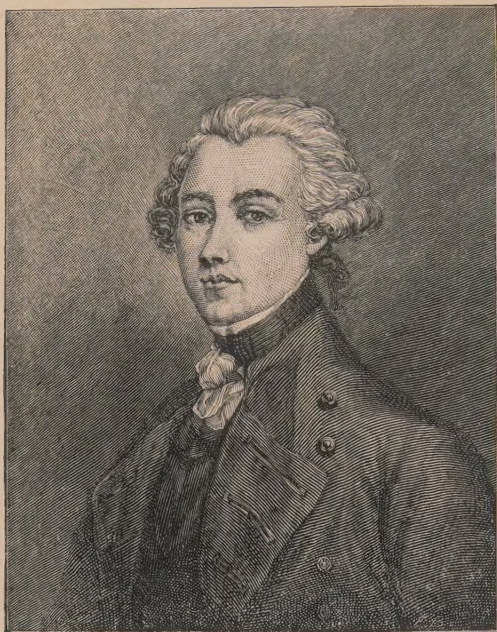
OLD FRENCH HOUSE, QUEBEC.



MONUMENT TO WOLFE AND MONTCALM.

horses are used only to bring the people too feeble to walk to the churches of their choice. In the churches one is impressed by the simplicity of dress and the devoutness of the people. At the close of the morning service the cars begin to run; the city takes on an air of relaxation that is in no sense its manner during the six working days. For business is a serious matter, whether it be transacted in the old market-place where Champlain established the first settlement, in modern St. Roch's, or in the busy streets of the walled town

above. Business everywhere is conducted with a courtesy that makes shopping an event of the day. The visitor accustomed to the ways of the modern world cannot at once adjust his mind to the quickness with which his attention is called to defects in his contemplated purchase, and to see it laid aside lest it should get back into box or case or shelf. Simplicity and honesty are the prevailing traits in this city set on a hill. Long does her light shine on the visitor trained to the more modern methods and systems of living.

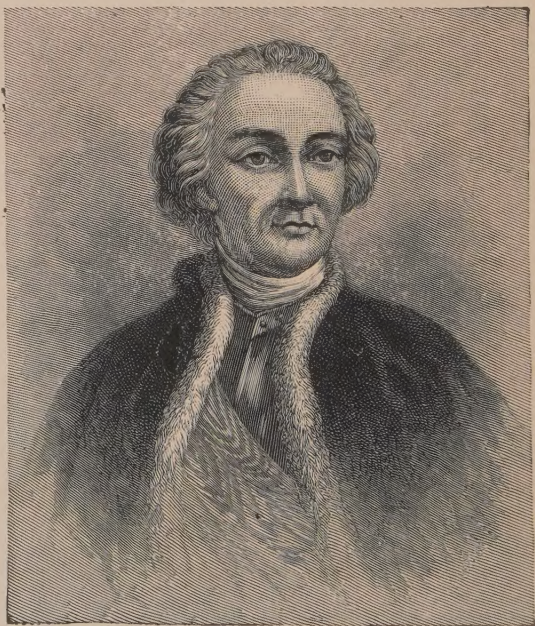


GENERAL JAMES WOLFE.

It was All Saints' Day when the writer saw the sun rise on Quebec. We went through the entrancing streets, some broad and sunny, some steep and so narrow that two could scarcely walk abreast. down steps of wood and iron into the lower town, following the streets under the overhanging crags, crowned by the citadel and the gray walls of the old fortifications, to find everywhere a Sunday quiet prevailed; the houses with windows far up in the roof-peaks, with strange wooden passageways over the street, business and dwelling so closely related that it was difficult to tell one from the other at times, marked an old city. Here the swarthy Italian is taking possession, and bringing

the problems to Quebec that mark his advent everywhere. A little further on the street broadens; the windows, bright with flowers and lace curtains, tell the story of the old civilization unbroken in its descent. The larger business houses, the broadened street, as one walks westward, tell of commerce and trade. But this touch of modern life is lost again as the quaint, old-time dwellings nestling under the crags on one side, and with the old-time gardens of the houses on the river side given over to shipping and storage, blot out the present, and one lives again in the past. Doors opening directly on the street reveal the simple, clean interiors; never are they lounging-places. The moss-grown lintels and

roofs, with the tiny windows high in the peak, from which a well-dressed head appears now and then,



GENERAL MONTCALM.

cause the pedestrian to feel as though in a waking dream.

In spite of age and dilapidation, in spite of the poverty of the people everywhere evident, there is never the impression of degradation, of childhood robbed of its birthright of freedom and innocence. Many of the people in this section are Irish and Irish-Canadians, as well as French. The men are employed in the various lines of the shipping industry here located on the river. At the second and third stories broad balconies overlook the St. Lawrence. The sharp contrast between the standards of living of these people and those living on the water-fronts of New York engaged in like occupations must be due to the privacy secured in the houses, possible because of lower rentals, the light and air which give stronger physical vitality and consequent power of resistance, and the absence of saloons—though

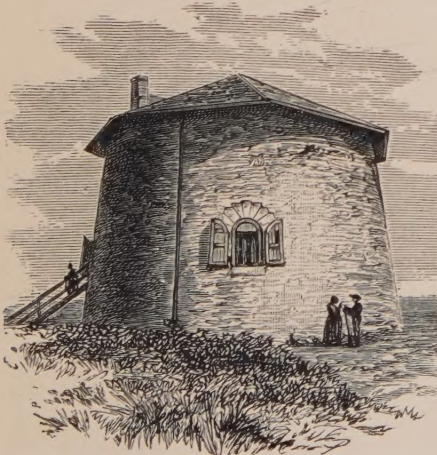


ESPLANADE, QUEBEC.

license to sell liquor in sealed bottles is given in Quebec to grocery stores, a fact deplored by many wives and mothers.

St. Roch's is the section where the French-Canadian working people are to be found in greatest numbers. The shoe-factories are located here, as well as other leading industries. The small house occupied by one family is still the rule. Sometimes these are wooden houses covered with tar paper. The effect is that of extreme poverty, but when the door opens cleanliness and comfort are revealed. The curtained windows of these houses often only half conceal the pretty, refined faces bending over some hand-work close to the window. The atmosphere is never that of degraded poverty—poverty bereft of hope or sunk to animalism. Here churches with their schools abound; cassock and habit are in sight always.

The attention of the visitor to Quebec is attracted on the streets by the number of boys and young men in a uniform of dark blue, the



MARTELLO TOWER, QUEBEC.



THE NEW ST. LOUIS GATE.

coat, even on smaller boys, a modified Prince Albert girted by a green sash, the cap a cossack. These are the pupils in the Laval University and the seminary, the largest and the oldest boys' school in the Province. Their tutors are often seen with them, and the spirit of *camaraderie* speaks well for the tutors, who are in orders, or preparing for orders, in the Roman Catholic Church.

Girls, even little girls, are never seen in large numbers on the streets. But they delight the eye wherever seen; whether on the beautiful Grande Allee or in the poorest section of the city, white aprons are the most conspicuous articles of dress; even on Sunday these are worn, and they are distinguished often by hand embroidery on the material. One feels the home idea in this article of dress that is so rarely seen with us. These aprons are home-made, for the ready-made white garment sold in a department store is most unusual in Canada. The making of women's and children's garments is the peculiar business of ladies in both Montreal and Quebec, and the garments in stock in stores devoted wholly to this business are plain and limited in number.

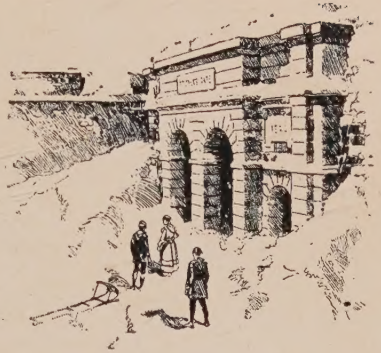
The sweat-shop is as yet the producer of cloth garments and of furs.

The workrooms in many establishments are badly lighted, badly ventilated, and the wages are very low. Thirty-five cents a day is about the average wages for hand-sewers in any industry. The stores are crowded with goods rather than shoppers; the art of display is unknown. The goods in sight are for use rather than show, and the thousand useless accessories that tempt the woman of limited means, with us, are not in sight. The ever-recurring up-to-date silk waist is not a necessity to the women living on small incomes; children are most sensibly dressed; simple wool dresses covered by pretty white aprons and long coats on cold days are universal. One wonders whether the absence of self-consciousness in the children is not in a large measure due to the fact that the question of their appearance, beyond tidiness, is not of vital importance to those about them. The conspicuous hat, the dress designed to attract attention or arouse envy, are not worn by the working girls. The poor do not impose unnecessary burdens on their own lives. A house of their own, good food, and clothes that are suited to the demands of work, church, and home, represent the standards of the French-Canadian women. No doubt this contributes largely to the quietness of manner, the good feeling, and the never-failing courtesy of the people everywhere to one another.

A holy day, an election day, and a gala day were crowded into those charming days in Quebec. The gala day was the return of thirty-three of the Canadian contingent from South Africa. The flags were flying and the people hurrying to the points of vantage early in the day. Never was a city better placed for such an occasion. It must have thrilled the hearts of the men to have seen the city with its waiting crowds on the Battery and

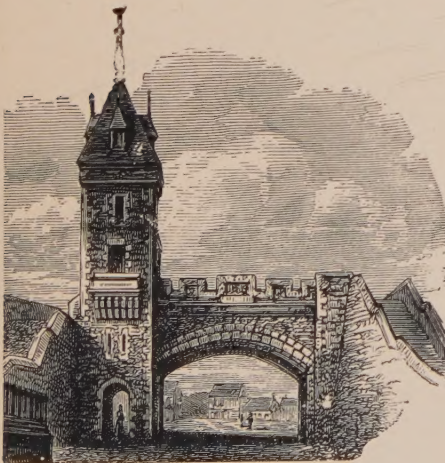
Terrace waving flags and handkerchiefs, while a lower tier lined the wharfs on the river front below. "The Soldiers of the Queen" stood immovable for an hour until they broke rank to grasp the hands of their comrades, whose faces had been eagerly looked for as the little boat crossed the river from Levis, its band playing "Home, Sweet Home." The melody was caught up by the band on the wharf, as the hawser was thrown to waiting hands. One felt the throb of loyal hearts as the well-known song was wafted on the air. It was the touch of nature that revealed the kinship of men. The returning soldiers were caught by the waiting comrades and tossed in the air, and caught again and again with shouts and with laughter that was half tears, for all had not returned, and every absent soldier was not expected back. Still, joy and patriotism ruled, and glad feet kept step and hearts kept time to the catching melody of "The Soldiers of the Queen." The English soldier steps quickly. In an incredibly short time the procession was crossing the Square, along the site of the Jesuit Barrack in the upper town.

Here an incident occurred which was typical. A small boy was put

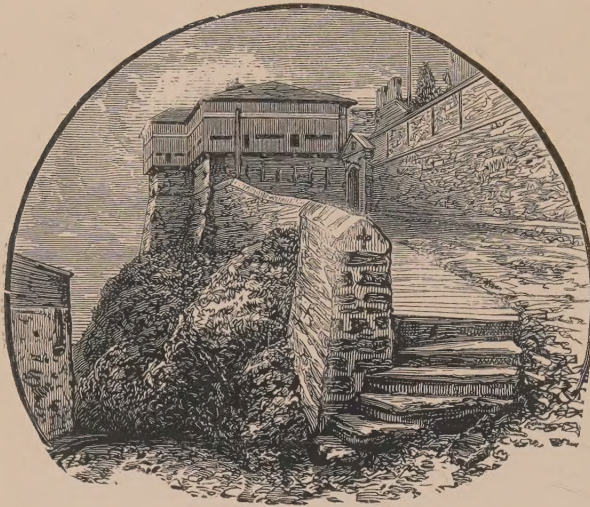


ST. JOHN'S GATE IN WINTER.

by his mother in the front of the crowd with the request to a perfect stranger "to please watch him." The little chap was frightened by the prancing military horses and began to cry. A soldier leaned far from his saddle, saying, "There, there, don't be frightened; my horse would not step on a fly." The mother, discovering the tears, picked the small boy up, saying lovingly, "Now, I'm quite ashamed of you. You'll never fight for the Queen like your daddy in South Africa, I fear." Those that stood nearest saw the tears in her eyes that had not crept into her voice. Later she whispered to a stranger, "There has been a bad accident; several people are hurt. It occurred just around the corner; a balcony fell." At once it was realized that etiquette demanded composure and silence. Not a person had moved toward the scene of the accident. When the soldiers had passed, there was the sound of a bell down the street. There drove rapidly into sight a covered wagon with a low-hanging body, having a large pane of glass in its wooden sides. On the front seat sat a driver, and a policeman ringing a big, brass bell. In less than half an hour it drove back rapidly, but with no pushing, hurrying, curious crowd following. The deepest sympathy was apparent; audible and visible signs of prayers for the sufferers were to



NEW KENT GATE.



OLD HOPE GATE, BLOCK AND GUARD-HOUSE.

be seen on every side. There was no sound of the bell; it was unnecessary; right of way to the ambulance was given.

The Roman Catholic Church, with its hundreds of nuns, brothers, and priests, naturally maintains every asylum that is needed for the care of its sick, afflicted, or dependent, as well as schools.

The Protestants, when numbers and resources are considered, are equally active, and generous to a degree. The Woman's Christian Association performs a twofold service, maintaining a boarding department for working girls and an Old Ladies' Home. It also provides classes to meet the special needs of the Protestant working-girls of the city.

The American walking along the ancient street under the frowning crags, with memory thoroughly awake to the great events that have taken place near by, blushes as his eye rests far up the heights on the dilapidated wooden tablet that marks the spot where Montgomery fell that bleak morning in December, 1775. But his heart responds in gratitude when he remembers

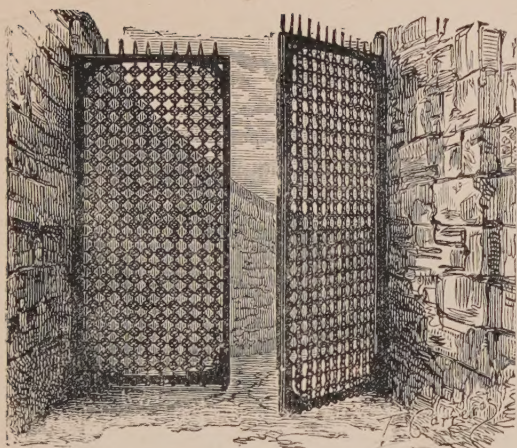
that even this tablet from which half the letters have fallen, would not be there were it not for Irish residents on the narrow street, who gave the money.

Quebec cannot be compared to any other city. She has a character wholly her own. One feels that Quebec is in the world, but not of it. Her suburbs are French villages that belong to another time. The habitant comes to the market with product of farm, barnyard, and loom. The mar-

kets do not resound to the tap of his wooden shoe; the comfort of leather is known. He is in the market-place—more truly *she* is there, the past best preserved in the old market-place in the lower town where Champlain first cleared the ground. Here the yarn, the stockings, the coarse woven cloth, the baskets, mark the busy hours of the housewife. She has changed her dress but not her habits of thrift, of industry, her shrewdness, her language, or her religion. She comes from the villages lying at the foot of the hills, bordering the river, from the tiny houses with their gay roofs sheltering a simple, honest folk.

Above them, brooding over them, is the city whose bells ring out the call to prayer, for which the bells in spire or turret, in the villages and on hill-tops, seem waiting.—The Outlook.

The plain-looking obelisk, in our illustration on page 5, is unique in this respect, that it is, we believe, the only one in the world erected to two opposing generals, to whom, in the words of the epigrammatic Latin inscription, "Valour gave a common death, History a common



CHAIN GATE.

fame, and Posterity a common monument :  
Mortem Virtus Communem, Famam Historia,  
Monumentum Posteritas Dedit."

The quaint old house which was used as Montcalm's headquarters still attracts the attention of the curious. It is a type of many such in the city. Its huge gables and towering roof upon its low walls give it the look of a very small man in a very big hat. The illustration on page 4 is a still more striking example of this top-heavy appearance. Montcalm's Head-

quarters, as it is magnificently called, has now degenerated into a barber shop, a very useful and necessary institution, but hardly in keeping with this high-sounding title.

The quaint old flight of stairs in Champlain Street is in a very considerable degree superseded by the adjacent elevator which lifts one in a minute to the Upper Town. It is still largely used, however, by those to whom the three-cent fare is of more importance than the time and fatigue employed in climbing.

The Esplanade, shown in our engraving on page 7, is more like a square in an Old World town than aught else on this continent.

The picturesque features of old Quebec, with its quaint old gates, have all disappeared save only that of St. John, of which we give a winter view, shown on page 9. The others, which were a decided obstruction to traffic, have been superseded by more spacious and picturesque structures erected under the inspiration of Lord Dufferin.

The cut on this page suggests the quaintness, strong defensive possibilities, and obstruction to traffic of the old-style gates.

## THE LORD'S SUPPER.

BY JULIA REDFORD TOMKINSON.

I thought to drink the wine and break the bread,  
To-day, at holy altar kneeling low;  
While organ throbbed and lowly prayers were said,  
His thrilling presence in my soul to know.

I thought to make confession with the throng,  
In deep repentance, mercy to implore;  
With glad, exultant praise and lofty song,  
In "Gloria in Excelsis" to adore.

But wearily upon my couch I lie,  
The long, sweet hours of Sabbath stillness mine,—  
Lo! In the hush a Presence draweth nigh,  
He brings with Him the feast of grace divine.

"My broken body, child, I give to thee,  
Take as thou wilt, its strength is all thine own;  
My blood, My life, My love, on Calvary,  
I would have shed for thee, for thee alone."

With unseen bread, with mystic Holy Grail,  
My Lord, my Love, has kept His tryst with me.  
O never, never will His promise fail,  
Till His fair face with rapturous eyes I see.

## ICELAND AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY RUTH SHAFFNER.



WOMEN CLEANING AND DRYING CODFISH, ICELAND.



WING to the lack of telegraphic communication with other lands, and the long interval between mail-steamers, Iceland is more completely cut off from the world than any other portion of the civilized globe, though in direct line it is only eight hundred miles north of Scotland. Bordering on the Arctic

Circle and possessing a name suggesting a frigid atmosphere, a natural conclusion would be that it is wrapped in perpetual winter and surrounded by icebergs and glaciers. On the contrary, the climate

closely resembles that of England, and sometimes the winters are almost devoid of ice and snow. The Gulf Stream, after warming into life the British Isles, sweeps to the northwest, retaining a sufficient quantity of heat to overcome the natural temperature of the east arctic currents. June, July and August are the summer months, when the sun shines with as much strength as during June in the central part of the United States.

The Icelanders divide the year into the light and dark seasons. It is a strange sensation to a foreigner who goes to the far North between the months of March and August to find that he is beyond the reign of night. To one accustomed to wait for retiring until shut in by the

darkness, the continuous light soon becomes wearisome. With the sun above the horizon, and a singularly rare atmosphere, an evening walk may be unconsciously continued till midnight, and an interesting book may cause one to forget the hours for sleep until the maid enters the room with the morning coffee. After a few days of this activity, nature begins to assert her claims, and instead of the sundial, the watch is trusted. A nap in the middle of the day may be restful and pleasant, but regularly to retire in broad daylight seems unnatural.

During June and a part of July the sun does not set, though for a few hours about midnight it is visible only from the mountain tops, while in the valleys is seen all the glory of a regular sunset, and no Italian sky can boast of greater splendour. At times the colours are intensified, as if each would claim by contrast the richest beauty; then by hands invisible the scene is shifted, until all is enveloped in a calmer loveliness, betokening the rest and harmony of an unseen world.

Iceland, like many another country, was originally settled by those who fled from oppression in their native land.

In the year 874, when Harald Haarfagr (the Fair-haired) determined to assume despotic control of the Norwegians, his lords and nobles, being the personal owners of the ships, took their families and emigrated to Iceland, and thus began "the exodus of the Vikings." There they settled upon separate estates, each being allowed as much land as he could encircle in one day of fast riding on horseback.

About sixty years after the first settlers came to the country, one of their number was sent out to find a place for the meeting of the Thing.\* He found it at Thing-

villa, in the southwest of the country, on a freeman's broad lands, which had just been confiscated for crime. Here on a lovely, gay, sunlit flat, ten miles broad, lower by a hundred feet than the plateau to the northeast, whence a precipitous descent is made through a natural chasm, many years ago some vast commotion shook the foundations of the island, where rivers of lava, bubbling up from the secret recesses of the earth, poured down the natural ridges, until, escaping from their narrow gorges, they found space and spread themselves into one vast sheet of lava stone. This surface was shattered into a network of innumerable crevices and fissures fifty or sixty feet deep and "each wide enough to have swallowed the entire company of Korah."

At the foot of the plain lies a vast and marvellously beautiful lake where the imprisoned waters gather, having burst up through the lava strata as it subsided beneath them. By a freak of nature the subsiding plain cracked and shivered into twenty thousand fissures. An irregular area of two hundred and fifty by fifty feet was left almost entirely surrounded by a crevice so deep and broad as to be utterly impassable. At one extremity alone a scanty causeway connects it with the adjoining level. This spot, erected by nature almost into a fortress, the framers of the Icelandic Constitution chose for the meeting-place for their Thing or Parliament, and here the first laws of the land were solemnly adopted. To this day may be seen the ridges which served as seats for the chiefs and judges of the land (for the meetings were held in the open air), while on the outer ridges glistened the tents and booths of the assembled masses of the people.

gathering of the freeholders of a district, the other the gathering of the householders.  
—R. S.

\* Meeting is "mot-thing," just as hustling is "house-thing"—the one a public



ESCORT PARTY FOR FOREIGN GUESTS, ICELAND.

For three hundred years the gallant little republic maintained its unequalled liberty and political vigour, and that at a time when feudal despotism was the only government known throughout Europe. Like the Scotch nobles in the time of Elizabeth, their own chieftains intrigued against the liberties of the Icelandic people, and in 1261 the island became an appanage of the Norwegian crown; yet even then the deed embodying the concession of their independence was drawn up in such haughty terms as to resemble rather the offer of an equal alliance than the renunciation of imperial rights. "The ancient laws and rights remained intact, and the *Athing* held its ground." Soon, however, the apathy which invariably benumbs the faculties of a people too entirely relieved from the discipline and obligation of self-government, lapsed into inactivity, moral, politi-

cal, and intellectual, and the fruitage of an "heroic age" ceased.

In 1360, on the amalgamation of the three Scandinavian monarchies, the allegiance of the people of Iceland was passively transferred to the Danish crown. From that time Danish restrictions, more or less oppressive, regulated their trade.

The *Athing*, which had met for nine hundred years at Thingvalla, beneath the open heavens, was closed in 1800, but was allowed to reopen at Reykjavik in 1845.

Great friction has always characterized the relations between Iceland and Denmark, for the Icelanders have ever maintained the right to be governed by their ancient laws. In recent times, "the Icelandic patriot," Jon Sigurdsson, was raised up, the aim of whose life was to regain the liberty of his people. "He took the position that Iceland was not a dependency of the Danish people, and hence

was not subject to the jurisdiction of the Danish Legislature, but that it was a dependency of the Danish crown, and that the only sovereign rights which subsisted in Iceland were the sovereign rights of the king of Denmark. Upon that line, which exhibited his far-seeing wisdom and policy, he laboured," and reached the goal in 1874, the millennial anniversary of the settlement of the country. King Christian went to Iceland in person, and there, upon the famous Logberg, at Thingvalla, he delivered to a deputation of the descendants of Icelandic nobles, the free Constitution: "an act that will keep alive his name as long as history is read and men have hearts that gladden at the rehearsal of generous deeds."

Nominally, Iceland is still a dependency of Denmark, but possesses most of the liberties of a free people. Their *Athing* meets every alternate year, and comprises two houses, an upper and lower chamber, the former numbering twelve and the latter twenty-four members. The members serve for a period of six years, one-third of the number being elected every two years. All the members of the Lower Chamber are elected directly by the people, and be it said to the credit of the nation that the best men of the country are sent to the *Athing*.

The governor is always an *Icelander*, appointed by the king for life upon the recommendation of the *Athing*. A shrewd politician, when asked whether the people would not prefer this appointment to change hands more frequently, remarked that they were always careful to recommend a man of advanced years, so that no one held the office very long.

For fifty years the people have been pleading, working, and fighting for absolute home rule. While the Constitution restored to them in 1874 allowed them more liberties than are enjoyed by the king's sub-

jects in his own country, yet the principle involved in the fact that this fine remnant of the old Norsemen should be held subject to a nation that is in many respects inferior to themselves is sorely galling to the doughty *Icelander*.

From the beginning *Iceland's* greatest glory has been the universal education of her people. Of the entire present population of seventy-eight thousand, there is not an individual among them (except idiots, of whom there are less than one hundred in the country) over sixteen years of age, but can read and write and has some knowledge of arithmetic, history, and geography, and in addition, generally knows some English and Danish. The education is carried on in the homes. There are but few elementary schools, as nine-tenths of the people live in the rural districts, and are too widely scattered to admit of collecting the children into regular schools. In some districts there is an itinerant teacher to each parish, who "boards around," remaining with one family for a fortnight or a month and then moving on to the next. Frequently several families arrange to have their children move with the teacher, and take turns in housing the little flock. The work of the teacher, however, lies principally in outlining and defining a course of study.

The real work of instruction is performed by the parents during the long winter evenings. Then the family surrounds the centre table, a large kerosene lamp suspended from the ceiling and great chunks of burning peat ablaze upon the hearth, rendering the room comfortable and attractive. The books are got out, and several members of the family assume the duty of teachers. Meanwhile the women knit and spin, the men read, and the old folks as they sit with their feet to the fire hold the little children on their knees and weave



AKREYRI, ICELAND.

yarns that greatly delight the imagination of the wee folks. All children are regularly examined by the pastor of the parish. Every child must possess an elementary education before being confirmed at about the age of fourteen, and as confirmation carries with it certain important civil rights, the observance of this ceremony is rigidly practised.

There are a number of high schools throughout the country; two ladies' seminaries, and what is known as the Latin School at Reykjavik, where the young men are given a five years' course in philosophy and the languages, preparatory to entering the university at Copenhagen. These schools all receive money appropriated by the Government.

Colonized as Iceland was by people who were acquainted with whatever of refinement and learning the age they lived in was capable of supplying, it is not surprising that we should find its inhabitants, from the very infancy of the republic, endowed with an amount of intellectual energy hardly to be expected in so secluded a community.

Perhaps it has been this very seclusion which stimulated into almost miraculous exuberance the mental powers already innate in the people.

Undistracted during several successive centuries by bloody wars and still more bloody political convulsions, which for too long a period rendered the sword of the warrior so much more important than the pen of the scholar, the Icelandic settlers, devoting the long leisure of their winters to intellectual occupations, became the first of any European nation to create for themselves a native literature. Almost all the ancient Scandinavian manuscripts are Icelandic; the negotiations between the Courts of the North were conducted by Icelandic diplomats; the earliest topographical survey with which we are acquainted was Icelandic; the cosmogony of the Odin religion and its doctrinal traditions and rituals were reduced to a system by Icelandic archæologists; and the first historical composition ever written by any European in the vernacular was the product of Ice-

landic genius. It is to Icelandic chronicles that we are indebted for the preservation of two of the most remarkable facts in the history of the world, namely, the colonization of Greenland by Europeans in the tenth century and the discovery of America by the Icelanders at the commencement of the eleventh.

The story is rather curious and intensely interesting, but too lengthy for these columns. Suffice it to say that in the month of February 1477, there arrived at Reykjavik, in a barque belonging to the port of Bristol, a certain long-visaged, gray-eyed Genoese mariner, who took an amazing interest in hunting up whatever was known on the subject. Whether Columbus, for it was no less a personage than he, learned anything to confirm him in his noble resolutions is uncertain, but there is still extant an historical manuscript written one hundred years before Columbus' voyage, which contains a minute account of a certain person named Lief, who, while sailing to Greenland, was driven out of his course until he found himself by an extensive and unknown coast which increased in beauty and fertility as he descended south. From the description given of the scenery, products, and inhabitants, from the mildness of the weather, and from the length of the day on the 21st of December, he may have descended as far south as Massachusetts. After Lief's return successive expeditions were made to the same country. That the Icelanders have received so little credit for these discoveries is one of the injustices of history, and is to be accounted for solely on the ground of their failing to reveal to other nations the knowledge in their possession, while Columbus hastened to spread the glad news to all the world.

During the five hundred and fifty years that Iceland was in bondage to Norway and Denmark, the

energies of her people became so benumbed as to cause them almost to lose their former mental vigour. But with the restoration of her Constitution in 1874 dawned a new era. The people took heart of hope and the old Icelandic genius was in a measure revived. Since then many works of merit have been produced, and the best writings of other nations have been translated into the native tongue, including Shakespeare, Byron, Milton, and Pope.

Eight general newspapers are published, besides a number of religious papers and one temperance paper. The industries of the people are chiefly confined to fishing and farming. Six million pounds of codfish, seven thousand pounds of eiderdown, about five thousand head of ponies, and nearly one-half million sheep, make up the annual exports. Very little of the land is cultivated. Successive years of frost and rain have washed out furrows so deep that great humps stand out on the surface, which from a little distance look like heaps of hay. From these the farmers literally shave, with short scythes, enough grass to feed their sheep and ponies during the winter months. Potatoes and a few other vegetables are raised, but the summer seasons are rarely long enough to ripen grain. All breadstuffs are imported.

At one time Iceland abounded with good timber, but at the present time trees are almost a curiosity. A few mountain-ash trees are found in the north and east, but the tallest tree in the country is scarcely thirty feet high. In many districts there is a low growth of birch saplings, which if protected from the sheep, would doubtless attain to a mature growth.

The houses are generally built of timber brought from Norway, or of the turf which extends its roots into the ground from eighteen to

twenty inches, and is so closely woven as to resemble thick felt. In the latter case the gables are likely to be of wood. The farm-houses are peculiar in that there are a number of small dwellings, one built against the other, with the gables all pointing in the same direction. These are connected on the inside by a common passageway.

Until ten years ago there were no bridges nor regularly made roads. Now there are a number of bridges, built according to the latest devices of engineering, and

eran faith, and though retaining a few vestiges of the old Roman religion, such as the surplice, altars, candles, pictures, and crucifixes, they are staunch Protestants and the most loyal, innocent, pure-minded people in the world. Crime, theft, debauchery, and cruelty are almost unknown among them. It is entirely safe for any woman to ride unattended through the entire country, the lack of well-defined roads being the only barrier.

In the manner of their lives there is something of the patriarchal sim-



WOMEN STARTING ON A LONG JOURNEY.

many miles of excellent road. The pony's back furnishes the only means of transportation; there are but one or two wagons in the country. These little creatures go from one end of the country to the other, sometimes bearing loads almost as large as themselves. They are remarkably tame, and possess almost human intelligence. Next to kith and kin the Icelander loves his pony, and many are the tales related about the faithful service of these animals.

The Icelanders are of the Luth-

plicity that reminds one of the Old World princes, of whom it has been said that "they were upright and perfect, eschewing evil, and in their hearts was no guile."

The language is singularly sweet and caressing, and is the only pure remnant left of the old Norse tongue as spoken throughout all Scandinavia a thousand years ago. The people are scarcely second to the Russians in linguistic ability, many of them speaking five or seven different languages.

To the botanist and geologist Ice-

land presents a peculiarly rich field. The flora is plentiful and varied. The mountains have many curious shapes and forms; the outburst of volcanic energy having occurred in closest contact with the realm of ice, bears evidence of frost and fire having grappled in sternest conflict. In some cases the nucleus in the basaltic mass alone remains and looks like monuments or cairns, and it is difficult to believe they are natural.

Nothing can be more delightful than a horseback trip of eight hundred or a thousand miles through Iceland. The traveller sees thousands of mountains covered with eternal snow, outrivalling the Alps in grandeur; great geysers and innumerable hot wells; waterfalls, one of which—the Gullfoss—is only second to Niagara in size and

beauty; crystal streams and dashing rivers, lava beds of fantastic figures, covered with moss that glistens in the sun like hoar frost; and as a crowning glory the atmosphere is so brilliant that objects eighty miles distant appear close at hand. The effects of light and shadow are the purest I have ever seen, and the contrast of colour is truly astonishing: one square foot of a mountain juts out in a blaze of gold against the flank of another, dyed of the darkest purple, while up-against the azure sky beyond rise peaks of glistening snow and ice.

If within the domain of nature such another region is to be found, it must be in the heart of those solitudes which science is unveiling to us amid the untrodden fastnesses of the lunar mountains.

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#### AT HAMPDEN ON THE PENOBSCOT.

##### I.

Aloof the village stands, bosom'd 'mid trees;  
 Penobscot rolls his sun-bright wave below:  
 There ply the steamers; there the vessels go,  
 With white sails swelling to the fresh'ning breeze!  
 How sweet these airs, that blow from bloss'omy leas!  
 How sweet the sound of boatman's dripping oar  
 By Orrington's sequester'd sylvan shore,—  
 With all the river's lights and melodies!

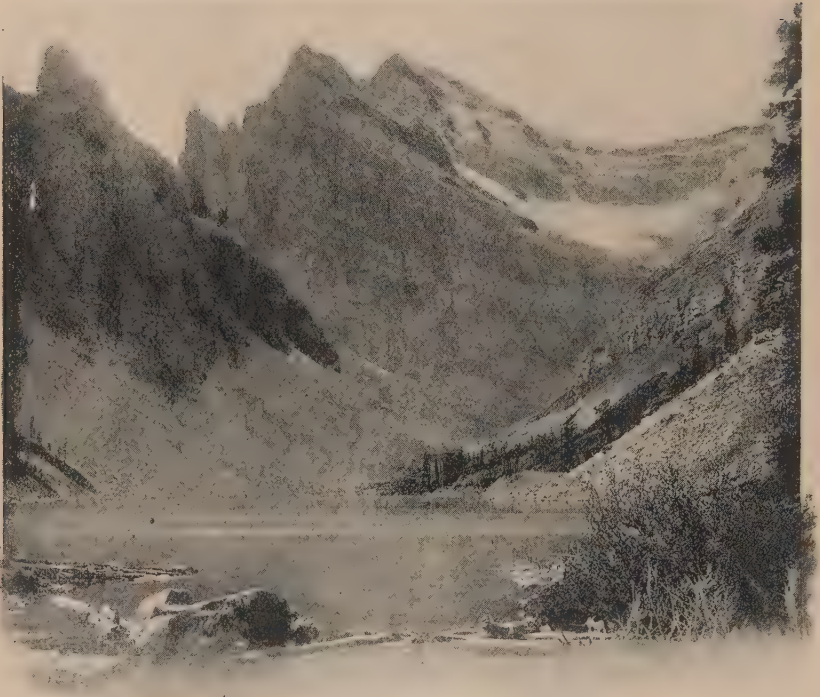
Hark! 'tis the voice of mirth, where youthful bands,  
 With many a note obstreperous, move along!  
 There floats yon star-sprent banner, that commands  
 The Patriot's warmest love, his loudest song!  
 The bells are glad, bugle and drum are gay,  
 To usher in the Nation's natal day.

##### II.

I muse, while now yon symbol I survey,  
 Floating untrammell'd on the breeze of morn,  
 Of one which charmed me in my earlier day,  
 Which I have loved, whereunder I was born:  
 How happy when that banner twined appears,—  
 To put the warring nations all at ease,—  
 With that which proudly "for a thousand years"  
 Has borne and braved "the battle and the breeze"  
 Let them in love together ride the seas:  
 Then Freedom may her starry front appear,  
 And, hand in hand, the peaceful Destinies  
 Shall enter on their undisturb'd career,—  
 Bearers of blessing unto all mankind,  
 In everlasting amity conjoined.

—*Pastor Felix.*

## THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.



LAKE AGNES, NEAR LAGGAN, ON THE C. P. R.



THE approaching General Conference in the mid-continent city of Winnipeg will be significant in many respects. One of these is that it will give a large number of the ministers and leading laymen of Canadian Methodism an opportunity to see for themselves, in part at least, the vast extent and resources of our great Northwest. The delegates from Canada-by-the-Sea, if they go no further than Winnipeg, will have travelled as far as from London over the wide extent of Europe to Constantinople or Moscow.

But many of them will take advantage of being half-way across the continent to complete the journey to the Rockies or the Pacific coast. In no other way can an adequate conception of the magnitude and exhaustless wealth of our great national inheritance be so well obtained. For nearly a thousand miles one may traverse from east to west one of the most fertile wheat-producing areas in the world—the future granary of Britain beyond the seas. For five hundred miles further they may journey amid mountain majesties surpassing aught else to be witnessed in Alps or Apennines, which are traversed in a few hours. The single glacier of Mount Stephen is described as as vast as all the glaciers of Switzerland together. The newly dis-



MARION LAKE, AMONG THE CANADIAN MOUNTAINS.

covered falls of the Yoho Valley, 1,400 feet in height, are described as rivalling the wonders of the Yosemite.

It used to be said, before the construction of our railways, that Canada was a "giant without bones." That is no longer true. Our magnificent railway system is one of the most extensive and best built in the world, stretching from Halifax or St. John on the Atlantic to Vancouver on the Pacific. One may enter a railway train beside the waters of the Bay of Fundy, and in a week be drawn across the continent over prairies and mountains to the waters of the Straits of Georgia. It furnishes also the shortest route by 700 miles from Great Britain, the mother of nations, to her great Indian Empire and colonial dependencies in the Pacific.

The Province of Manitoba is situated midway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans on the east and

west, and the Arctic Ocean and Gulf of Mexico on the north and south.

The southern frontier of Manitoba is a little to the south of Paris, and the line being continued would pass through the south of Germany. Manitoba has the same summer suns as that favoured portion of Europe. The contiguous territory, including the great Saskatchewan and Peace River regions, is the equivalent of both the empires of Russia and Germany on the continent of Europe. To use the eloquent words of Lord Dufferin: "Canada, the owner of half a continent, in the magnitude of her possessions, in the wealth of her resources, in the sinews of her material might, is peer of any power on the earth."

The strongest impression made upon the tourist on his first visit to Winnipeg is one of amazement that so young a city should have made



BOW VALLEY,  
BANFF.

such wonderful progress. Its public buildings, and many of its business blocks and private residences, exhibit a solidity and magnificence of which any city in the Dominion might be proud. It is an important railway centre, from which seven or eight railways issue; and it is evidently destined to be one of the most important distributing points for a vast extent of the most fertile country in the world.

One of the omens of brightest augury in this new city is that the religious life in all the Churches gives evidence of great activity and energy. They are composed largely of the very elite of the eastern communities, whose adventurous spirit has led them to seek their fortunes in the West. Everywhere one meets the stalwart sons and fair daughters of Ontario and of the Eastern Provinces. Few cities of its size have such a variety of races. Here you may find Jew and Ice-lander, Chinaman and Mennonite,

Russian and African, German, Italian, French, Spaniard, Norwegian, Dane, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, English, American, and a host of different sorts

and kinds from the East.

Westward from Winnipeg spread a thousand miles of open and productive plains—the wheat prairies of Manitoba, the green uplands of Assiniboia, and Alberta's broad pastures. Day after day thriving towns and villages and farm-houses are passed. Later the villages diminish and the farms become fewer, at least near the road, which has now ascended to a higher region. This is the old buffalo range, and their trails mark the prairie in long lines.

Before you are weary of the plains a spectacle of intense interest captivates your attention—the snowy peaks of the Rockies curving in a vast semicircle around the western horizon; and at Calgary, the populous headquarters of the grazing industries, whose cattle and



KICKING-HORSE RIVER, ON THE C. P. R.

sheep ranches extend over hundreds of square miles along the foot-hills—you obtain on clear days a sight of the great front range, which towers in an apparently impregnable wall of blue and white.

And now all that has gone before dwindles into insignificance. Several ranges of prodigious mountains are to be crossed before the Pacific Ocean is reached, and for nearly five hundred miles there is a succession of views unequalled for grandeur on the American continent.

Here gush the headwaters of rivers that run for a thousand miles east and west. You enter by and escape by the gates they have cut, your track is laid along the ravine pathways they have hewn, and you behold the very source of their currents, in some crystal lake, or in

some crystal lake, or in some vast body of ice borne upon the shoulders of mountains mantled with eternal frost. Sometimes you are at the bottom of these ravines beside the bounding stream, and strain your eyes to the toppling crags that swim among the fleeciest of summer clouds a mile and a quarter high. Again the railway surmounts a portion of this distance, and you can look down to where tall forest trees appear like shrubs. Upwards, apparently close at hand, are the naked ledges lifted above the last fringe of vegetation, wide spaces of never-wasting snow, and the wrinkled backs of glaciers whence cataracts come leaping into the concealment of the forest. Here you can look out upon a wilderness of icy peaks, glaciers, and aiguilles of black rock; there you cautiously



VANCOUVER, B.C.

descend into the depth of profound gorges, and find yourself enshrouded in the shadows. The massiveness and breadth of the mountains in one part will astonish you; their splintered and fantastic forms in another excite your curiosity; while, now and then, a single stately peak, like Cathedral Peak, Mount Stephen, or Sir Donald, will print itself upon your memory.

Our National Park at Banff embraces every variety of scenery, charming and wonderful, which the Government has made easily accessible by carriage-roads and bridle-paths. Glacier, near the summit of the Selkirks, is placed high up among forested mountains within twenty minutes' walk of the Great Glacier of the Selkirks. This marvel of ice is reached by an excellent path, and it is an easy matter to ascend the rocky wall and mor-

aines that hem it in, or to climb upon the glacier itself.

The western terminus of the road is reached at Vancouver on Burrard Inlet, a few miles north of the mouth of the Fraser, on the fifth day after leaving Montreal.

Vancouver City is all bustle and activity. The situation is most perfect as regards picturesqueness, natural drainage, harbour facilities, and commercial advantages.

The place is destined to be a large and busy port, and an important entrepot of the trade with Australia, China, and Japan. There is a regular steamship service to China and Japan, to Victoria, San Francisco, Alaska, and Puget Sound ports. Great mills abound on both sides of the broad basin. Where to-day spreads this busy city, with great hotels and commercial blocks, a few years ago was a pathless wil-



VICTORIA, B.C.

derness. The scenery all about is magnificent, the Cascade Mountains near at hand at the north; the Olympics; and the great white cone of Mount Baker, high as the Jung Frau.

The seven hours' sail across the noble Gulf of Georgia to Victoria on Vancouver Island is very exhilarating. As we enter at night the beautiful harbour, the far-gleaming electric lights, quivering on the water, give evidence of the latest triumphs of civilization in this western Ultima Thule of Canada. The Eastern tourist is first struck with the exceedingly bland atmosphere. The Methodist churches are handsome and commodious.

The chief glory of Victoria is the delightful drives in its vicinity. There does not appear to be the same feverish rush of business as in the East, if one might judge from the large turn-out of carriages

at an open-air concert on Beacon Hill, given by the band of the flagship of His Majesty's North Pacific Squadron.

The harbour at Esquimalt, three miles from Victoria, is one of the finest in the world. It is the rendezvous of the North Pacific Squadron, and has a magnificent new dry-dock, four hundred feet long, of solid stone, with iron gates. Several war-vessels were at anchor, including the flag-ship, one of which one should not fail to visit.

The parliament buildings of this young province by the Western sea are not surpassed in splendour of position, in romantic surroundings, in stateliness of architecture, by those of any Province in the Dominion.

We cast a thought into the future as men drop pebbles into deep wells to see what echo they return. We behold, in imagination, a grand

confederation of provinces, each large as a kingdom, stretching from ocean to ocean, traversed by the grandest lake and river system in the world, and presided over, it may be, by a descendant of the august lady who so long graced the most stable throne on earth. Within a century a hundred millions of inhabitants shall occupy these lands. Our national highway opens a passage from Europe to "gorgeous Ind and far Cathay," seven hundred miles shorter than any other route. A ceaseless stream of traffic already throbs along this iron artery of commerce, enriching with its life-blood all the land. Great cities famed as marts of trade throughout the world, shall stand thick along

this highway of the nations; and the names of their merchant princes shall be "familiar as household words," in the bazaars of Yokohama and Hong Kong, Calcutta and Bombay. A new England, built up by British enterprise and industry—a worthy offspring of that great mother of nations, whose colonies girdle the globe—shall hold the keys of the Pacific Sea, and rejuvenate the effete old nations of China and Japan. And across the broad continent a great, free, and happy people shall dwell beneath the broad banner of Britain, perpetuating Christian institutions and British laws and liberties, let us hope, to the end of time.

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#### MY COMRADES.

Three comrades walked with me, when life was new,  
 And one was Youth, whose brow from care was free.  
 The second one was Joy, who danced and sung.  
 The other Hope. These kept me company  
 Until a day when Youth "farewell" did say  
 And left me, at a turning of the way.

Fair Hope walks with me still, but keeps her eyes  
 Lifted to where the hills of heaven shine;  
 And Joy (whose other name is Peace) remains,  
 Though in her face I see a light divine;  
 But well I know, when past earth's toil and pain,  
 Sweet Youth, once lost, will then be mine again!

—*Helen Percy.*

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#### THE TRUTH.

Friend, though thy soul should burn thee, yet be still;  
 Thoughts were not meant for strife, nor tongues for swords.  
 He that sees clear is gentlest of his words,  
 And that's not truth that hath the heart to kill,  
 The whole world's thought shall not one truth fulfil.  
 Dull in our age, and passionate in youth,  
 No mind of man hath found the perfect truth,  
 Nor shalt thou find it; therefore, friend, be still.  
 Watch and be still, nor hearken to the fool,  
 That babbles of consistency and rule;  
 Wisest is he who, never quite secure,  
 Changes his thoughts for better day by day;  
 To-morrow some new light will shine, be sure,  
 And thou shalt see thy thought another way.

—*Archibald Lampman.*

## BENEFITS OF BRITISH RULE IN SOUTHERN ASIA.\*



THIS account of the comparatively little known British dependency of Burma is one of fascinating interest. In that country some of the most notable missionary triumphs have been won, from the time of Judson down to to-day. The story here told is one of thrilling interest. No chapter will touch all loyal hearts in Canada more than that which enumerates the benefits of British rule in Southern Asia. Had this been written by a Britisher, it would be thought a party-coloured statement. But all through the book runs generous recognition of, and thanksgiving for, the justice and generosity of British administration.

The author records with vivacity and vigour the trials and triumphs of missionary life in Burma. The weather he describes as "three months very hot and nine months very much hotter." In order that the passengers on the good ship might not be deprived of "Ceylon's spicy breezes" as they sailed past that island, the steward in the early morning sprinkled spices from the ship's stores over the wet decks. It was a sad fact that the ship carried three missionaries and three hundred tons of liquor. So does the greed of the cursed drink trade fatten on the vices of the red and white races alike. "Yet," says the author, "I have yet to meet a hopeless missionary. They have un-

bounded confidence in the final triumph of the Gospel."

He pays a noble tribute to the devotion of the British Indian officials. A Mr. Cary, summoned by Lord Lansdowne to a state durbar, left its splendours to nurse the wild men of the hills smitten with cholera, who had been trying their hardest to kill him. Some of them died in his arms. "It is such heroism as this on the part of British officers that makes the British rule great throughout the world. They stop at no sacrifice of their own lives to put turbulent countries in order, and then are no less heroic in times of peace in serving their high trust of poor and dependent people.

He describes a Buddhist pagoda 328 feet high, covered from base to summit with gold leaf, which is being continually renewed. Centuries of labour and millions in gifts have been bestowed, all in honour of "eight human hairs," relics of Gautama. He gives full credit to Great Britain for the abolition of widow burning, hook-swinging, child marriage, and the atrocities of Juggernaut worship. It would be easy, he says, to add 25,000 converts a year if the missionaries could be only slightly reinforced.

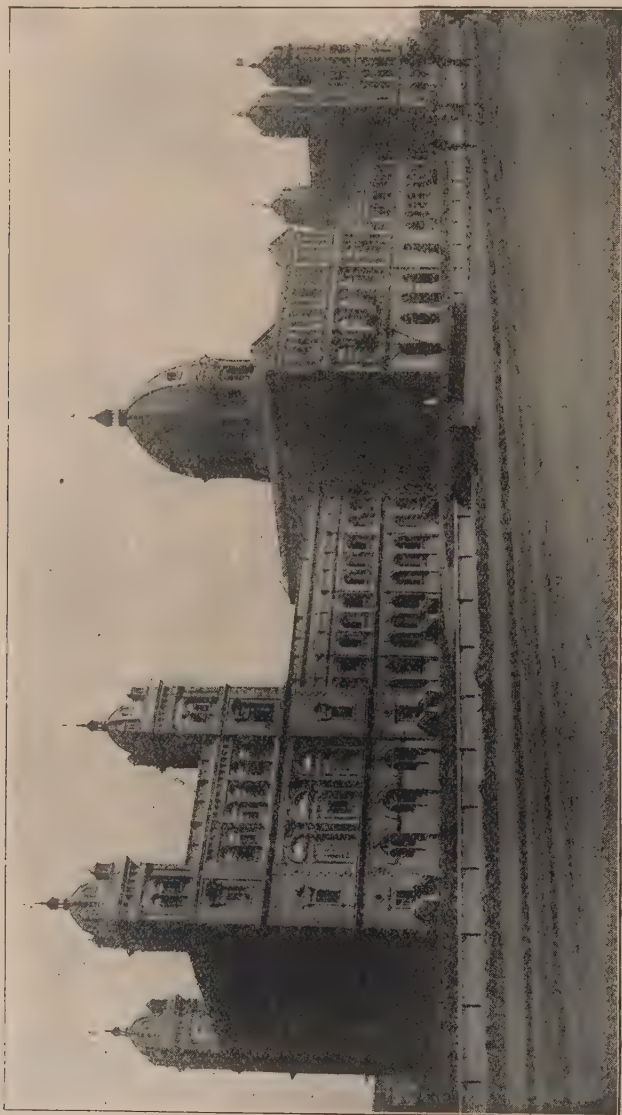
The admirable illustrations of this book are revelations of the progress made in Burma. The public offices at Rangoon would be a credit to any city in the world. Our author says of the Royal Lakes shown in one of our cuts, "The world has many places of beauty, but of those which I have seen nothing equals the Royal Lakes of Rangoon." The Methodist Girls' School gives some idea of the energy and far-reaching enterprise of the American missionaries. By way of contrast we may note the barbaric pomp and circumstance of

\* "Ten Years in Burma." By Rev. Julius Smith. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 326. Price, \$1.00 net.

the pagan procession shown in another of our cuts.

The following is the substance of Mr. Smith's chapter on the benefits of British rule in Southern Asia:

missionaries, of whatever nationality, living in Southern Asia are almost a unit in praise of the Government. This Government, which has for more than forty years given protection to life, calling, and pro-



THE NEW PUBLIC OFFICES. RANGOON

From every standpoint the missionaries whose fields lie under the British flag are best situated of all men of like calling in foreign lands. It therefore comes to pass that all

party of its nearly three hundred million diverse peoples, and that in unbroken peace, deserves the highest approval of all fair-minded men.

Life is as well protected in South-

ern Asia as it is in almost any country. The highest in the land and the meanest coolie are alike protected before the law. The lowliest and the poorest can get evenhanded justice for any injury, and that quickly. Perhaps in no land is the man of high and the man of low degree dealt with with more evenhanded and prompt justice than in Southern Asia. It appears to be true that in Britain's mind there are two places where men of all stations have equal rights—before a court, and at the sacramental altar in the church. Every man is protected in the exercise of his religious faith, and must not be molested by any. To revile another's religion is to bring down the swift penalty of the law.

It is possible for missionaries and other travellers to come and go anywhere in the Indian Empire without a thought as to their personal safety, as that is assured. Even unattended ladies make long journeys, and with only native carriers, sometimes travel in unfrequented regions and in the darkness; but so far as I can learn, there has not for many years been an insult offered to one of them. Some of our own workers live and travel in remote regions, even on the extreme borders of the empire, and sometimes these are lone women; but we do not hear of even serious inconveniences to them on account of their isolation. This is due chiefly to the Government, which protects life, person, and calling.

It is, therefore, not surprising that the missionaries are among the most devoted supporters of the British Government in Southern Asia. It is a great gain to be able to say to all the peoples of the Indian Empire that the Government under which they find themselves is one of the very best the world has produced. And if it were necessary to say it, they could truthfully

add, better than any possible government by native rulers, better for themselves, and better for all people in the land. It is a great pleasure to American missionaries to acknowledge the good government of India, for in it they find many of the best principles in which they believe. So far as I can learn, this just tribute from the American missionaries is well-nigh universal among them, and the older they are and the longer they have lived in any part of this great empire the more confirmed they are in their views.

Of all the institutions of the Government that are most to be commended, the courts are perhaps the most notable. There are several features of these courts which are specially commendable. They are prompt to a degree. Long, vexatious delays over technicalities of law are most unusual. Certain it is that money and influence and the "tricks of lawyers" cannot long delay final decision on any case. Then there is no crowding to the wall the poor man without influence or money to aid him. The poorest can sue as a pauper, and have his case heard in regular order with the rich man of high station. He can get as certain justice, based on evidence. Cases are on record in recent years to illustrate how the socially high, and even the official class, have been rebuked and punished at the plaint of the lowliest in the land. It is this absolutely evenhanded justice that has called out the comment of the native of India, "The English judge is not afraid of the face of man." No partiality is shown for race or condition.

Having been so placed that I have had to do with a wide range of officials, in most departments of the service, it becomes a great pleasure to me to record the character of their official conduct as I have found it in personal dealing.

In the first place they, almost without exception, are men of courteous, gentlemanly manners. This alone goes far to smooth the way in official transactions. Then I have

This is partly due to the system of aid given especially to schools with which both the Government and the missionary have to do, and partly due to fair dealing on gen-



ROYAL LAKES AT EVENTIDE, RANGOON

found them generally men who are very fair and even generous in dealings where public interests, missionary matters, or property have been dealt with.

eral principles, which I am led to believe from an experience all over the province of Burma for a period of ten years, and from inquiries from others of longer experience,

is a British characteristic. This is especially true of the better cultivated men. The snobbery of the uneducated Briton is equal to that of the American of the same class.

The whole system of Indian service is well worth study, for it is not a creation of a day, but the best fruit of England's extensive colonial experiences. In this matter it

METHODIST GIRLS' SCHOOL, RANGOON



In the whole range of my experience I have never met with other than manly treatment from officials but twice, and then these were not of the higher ranks, and one of them cannot be said to be a Briton.

is well worth study, especially on the part of America, which has now to enter upon the rule of large and distant possessions. It is also to be noted that the wonder of England's Government is that she has

been able to allow of a diversity of governments in her several possessions suited largely to local conditions, so that no two of her colonies are entirely alike, and yet she

fair to say her system of government over remote and diverse peoples is the best yet seen on this globe.

In a city like Rangoon there are



FESTIVITIES AT A POUNGYI'S CREMATION

has been able to give protection, justice, and the largest measure of liberty to each country that the people are able to use for their own good. In these respects it is only

several great race divisions that are recognized on the municipal committees, both elective and appointive. In the election of these commissioners appears one of the most

extreme examples of the democratic principle that the writer knows of anywhere. Perhaps it has no parallel. In the case of the ballot, it is allowed freely to *all Europeans and Americans* on exactly the same conditions. They, as aliens, never having become British subjects, and never intending to do so, *have the ballot the same as an Englishman*. This broad democracy has greatly surprised many Americans when I have told them of it. The alien has a right to hold the office of city commissioner, if elected, the peer of the native-born Briton. This is the broadest democracy found anywhere within the defined limits of franchise.

The Government has a vast system of railroads in India, amounting to sixteen thousand miles, with many extensions and new lines in prospect. So the old world moves under the impetus of Western enterprise. The telegraphs attend the railway, and exist even far outside of railway lines to all parts of the empire and for foreign lands. Let it be remembered that probably none of these improvements would have been thought of in the country had it not been taken in hand by an enlightened and enterprising people from the West.

Great systems of canals have been constructed, and more than thirty million acres of land are irrigated, and famine in this area is for ever forestalled. Larger plans are being suggested by the recent famine. The famine relief works constructed many tanks for use on land too high for irrigation from running streams. Good roads have been made universally. These roads are nearly all metalled and kept in good order.

The taxes of the Government are reasonable. They are mostly placed directly on the earning power of the individual, or tax upon land assessed in proportion to the amount of grain it produces. There is also

a tax on houses in villages outside municipalities. The land tax is very just. If the land produces regular good crops, it is taxed accordingly. If there is a failure of crops, the tax is reduced or remitted. As land needs rest, it is allowed a tax at fallow rates, which is very light indeed. The income tax is collected chiefly in cities, but of all Government employees, beginning with the viceroy. This tax is two per cent. per month. This is to be paid out of the monthly salary. But it is said this tax only reaches one out of three hundred and fifty of the native-born inhabitants of India.

The Government claims to own the land, very much as the American Government owns the public lands. But, of course, the greater part of this land comes into the ownership of the people, and is transferable as elsewhere in the world. Land that was never cultivated is given out freely to cultivators. They have to pay nothing but for its survey. When it is cultivated they get a title to it, and then they can sell it as the actual owners. If it is grass land, the cultivators are allowed one year exemption from tax. If forest land, ten years are allowed exemption. A more liberal plan could not be devised than this.

It is just here that England's policy in the country is shown. If a Burman asks for a piece of land, and a European, any Englishman indeed, asks for the same piece of land, the Burman will surely get it.

The people of all parts of the Indian Empire are chiefly agricultural. They are, like all Asiatics, great borrowers of money. They generally mortgage the crop by the time it springs out of the soil. The native money-lender demands as much as three per cent. a month; but here the Government comes forward, and agrees to loan the agriculturist money at six per cent.

a year, and allow him to repay it in partial payments.

We witness Mohammedan, Christian, Hindu, and Buddhist schools, all drawing aid from Government, and all passing the same Government examinations in secular subjects, but each imparting its own religious instructions. To aid in this educational scheme, the Government will give grants in putting up buildings, in paying accredited teachers, and in giving grants to current expenses on passes secured in Government examinations.

In all this it will be seen that the Government, in keeping with its declared purpose and position, is neutral in the matter of religion. It ought to be clear to all who will see it, that the Christian Church should avail itself of all this educational plan that is possible, so as to mould the minds of all the young in Christian principles. Nearly all the mission schools are identified with this educational system, but there is opportunity for much more of the same kind or work.

There is another great and merciful arm of the Government to be mentioned. In every municipality, and even in large villages, there is hospital treatment for all who need medical or surgical aid. All this is freely given to every applicant.

All cities and large towns have great hospitals, where medicines and food and shelter in bad cases are given freely to men of all races and creeds. No disease is turned away and no sick man denied attention. This charitable effort of Government is far-reaching in its beneficence. But the amount of suffering that is relieved by Government in all the empire is enormous.

In cases of epidemics there is a Government order to fight the disease in an organized way. If it is smallpox, which is very prevalent, public vaccination is enforced. Cholera epidemics are taken in hand vigorously, water purified,

and quarantine established, until the pestilence is put under control.

The last four years have called out all the agencies of a great Government to battle with the bubonic plague and the famine. Both of these dire visitations were grappled with from the start, and the battle is still being waged. With plague almost all over the empire, the Government had at the same time to undertake the most extensive plan for relieving a famine that was ever undertaken by any government in human history. The famine had only one immediate cause—the lack of rain. The greater rains over almost all India occur between June and September. For years the rains failed, or were deficient.

The world knows the story. One-fourth of the nearly three hundred millions of this population of the empire were in the terrors of famine, with its slow starvation of man and beast, with its attendant cholera, plague, and other diseases. It is worthy of cordial recognition and perpetual memory that this gigantic spectre was met by a Christian Government. It was not a Mohammedan or Hindu people which fought back this monster calamity, but a Government and a people whose sympathies were Christian.

The Christians hurried to the relief of those of non-Christian belief and alien people, and hardly thought of their race or religion. They only knew they were starving communities of fellow-beings, and they put forth supreme efforts to relieve their hunger and other ills due to the famine. Yes, this was done by a Christian Government, aided by private Christian beneficence of distant lands, while their own co-religionists, having money in many cases, owning nearly all the grain in the empire, enough to have fed all the hungry at every stage of the famine, gave practically nothing for famine relief!

They held their feasts, organized their tiger-hunts, looked on the dance of the impure nautch-girl, and revelled while their people starved and died, or owed their life to a foreign race of the Christian faith.

The Government of India spent \$92,650,000 on famine relief during 1899 and 1900. The relief works were open nearly two years before that, and help on a large scale continues still. This is the most gigantic effort of all human history to meet a great national calamity. Strange that these noble and statesmanlike efforts should have been belittled by any, much less by some who should have known better.

The *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, which is so violently anti-British and pro-Boer, bitterly denounced the Indian administration during the famine, and sent Julian Hawthorne as a commissioner to expose Britain's wrong-doings. But like Balaam, though summoned to ban, he could do nothing but bless. The author tells the story in a way to make our souls thrill with patriotic pride. The gigantic spectres of plague and famine were fought by the Christian Government with a devotion and a zeal unparalleled in the history of the world.

The census of 1901 has been gathered, and these columns of figures tell their sad story of suffering and death in the famine districts. Of India's 286,000,000 of ten years ago, 66,000,000 were residents in native protected States. The census of 1901 shows that British India increased its population by ten millions, while the

peoples of the native States decreased by three millions. British territory increased its population by four and one-half per cent., and the native States decreased by four and one-half per cent. A close inspection of the figures shows the decrease to be largely due to the famine. What would have been the death-rate but for the English Government's immense relief?

The missionaries worked hand in hand with the British officers, and I have never heard that either has ever spoken except in words of praise of the other's labours. This proves that good Governments and faithful missionaries are invaluable to each other.

A crowning proof of the good government of Britain in India is in the fact that her population does not migrate to any adjacent State where there is limited or unlimited native rule. But from all such States there is a steady stream of immigration pouring into British territory. None of India's peoples migrate in any numbers to any Oriental or Occidental country, but from every Oriental land there are immigrants to sojourn or to settle in India under the justice, protection, and peace of British rule.

The tropical world is fast coming under western domination. These lands must be lifted by new blood from the North and West, and must serve the needs of our race. While this process is going on, the world can afford to be happy over the fact that so large a part of the tropical countries is under British rule.

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#### QUIETUS.

Man and his strife! and beneath him the Earth in her green repose.  
And out of the Earth he cometh, and into the Earth he goes.  
O sweet at last is the Silence, O sweet at the warfare's close!  
For out of the Silence he cometh, and into the Silence goes.  
And the great sea round him glistens, and above him the great Night glows.  
And out of the Night he cometh, and into the Night he goes.

—*William Watson, in The Speaker, London.*

## THE FLAMING TORCH.\*



T Palo Alto, Cal., on Monday morning, May 19th, having just passed his eighty-first birthday, the "Flaming Torch"—for by this significant, symbolical name the poetic children of nature in Africa came to know Bishop Taylor—ceased, in one sense, to give forth its light on earth. But in a deeper sense it is not so, for, as Longfellow well says:

"When a great man dies, for years beyond our ken

The light he leaves behind him lies upon the paths of men."

William Taylor was indeed a great man, and his light will long illuminate the world. He was one of the most robust and striking characters of the century, to be classed with Charles Spurgeon, Henry Ward Beecher, George Muller, Dwight L. Moody, and Phillips Brooks—the only Methodist among the six. His career had in it elements of marvel and far-extended usefulness surpassed by none of those mentioned. As a world-wide evangelist he has no equal since St. Paul. A poetic friend in California likens him also to Abraham in faith, to Enoch in his close walk with God, to Daniel in integrity, and to David in his loving heart, adding, "In his holy consecration he is peer among them all." And none who knew him well will feel disposed to question the estimate.

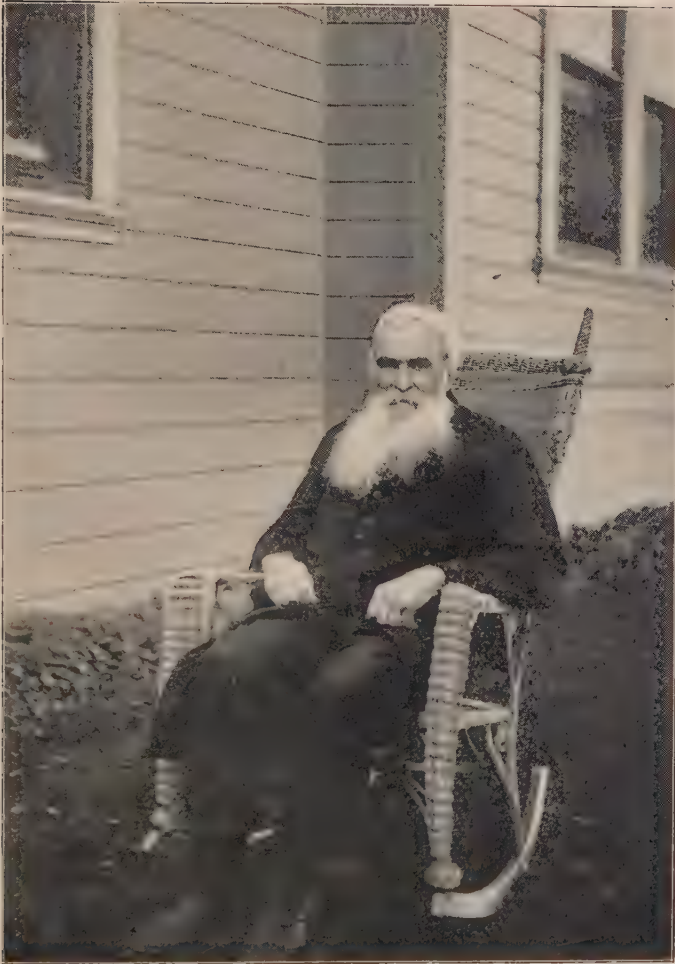
Of Scotch-Irish stock, he was born May 2nd, 1821, in Rockbridge

County, Virginia, the oldest of eleven children. Converted in early childhood, he promptly joined the Church; but it was only after many wanderings, mainly through lack of right teaching, that he was finally restored to his standing in the family of God, at a camp-meeting, about 10 p.m., August 25th, 1841. He immediately took to preaching, and in the next year, October, 1842, went on his first circuit under the presiding elder. In April, 1843, he was received on trial in the Baltimore Conference, and for the next six years, in the hills of Virginia and Maryland and in the city of Baltimore, he gave full proof of that ministry which exhibited already much of that extraordinary power over men which attended it all his days. Revivals followed him from the first.

His call to California came through Bishop Waugh, in September, 1848, and proved to be, in the most emphatic sense, from God. His answer, in this as in every other similar case of his life, was prompt and decisive: "Lord, here am I." And so said his equally devoted wife. Nor did either of them ever have a moment's regret for following this or any other of the manifest leadings divine.

They landed in San Francisco, after a voyage from Baltimore of 155 days, September, 1849. Here for seven years, till October, 1856, he carried on street preaching amid the lawless, godless crowd that then thronged that country. "The great tribulation of my life," he writes, "was occasioned by the wreck and ruin of our Seamen's Bethel Enterprise." This came about through no fault of his, but by means of a financial panic and fire. He was advised to repudiate the whole indebtedness, since he

\* We are indebted to the courtesy of Zion's Herald for this article and to the Epworth Era for the admirable portrait by which it is accompanied.—ED.



BISHOP WILLIAM TAYLOR.

was in no way responsible for the disasters, but this he firmly refused to do. How should he pay it?

"I settled," he says, "two principles of procedure—first, that I would not ask or receive gifts of money for my lost cause, but depend solely and entirely on the profits of my book sales; and, second, that in every case I would do my best by preaching and altar service for seekers of salvation *before* I would mention books or my need of funds; and I stuck to these principles to the end of the chapter."

To carry out this programme he embarked, in October, 1856, with wife and three children (two had been buried in California, and a third soon after died), for Panama and New York, where he safely arrived.

The next five years saw him busily engaged in evangelistic labours, first in the Eastern States, then in the Western, and subsequently in Canada.

How did the book-selling and debt-paying enterprise succeed? His first book, "Seven Years'

Street Preaching," was put on the press at the Methodist Book Concern as soon as he reached New York in 1856. He soon after issued "California Life Illustrated," which had a circulation of thirty-five thousand copies; then came many other volumes: "Christian adventures in South Africa," "Four Years' Campaign in India," "Ten Years of Self-supporting Missions in India," "Our South American Cousins," closing with "The Story of My Life" and "The Flaming Torch in Darkest Africa." What the total circulation of these books has been it would perhaps be impossible to say, but evidently it would mount up into the hundreds of thousands. He personally sold over \$200,000 worth of them. It was his custom at the close of each service on week-nights, about ten o'clock, to announce that the books could be procured of him after the congregation was dismissed. He gave them clearly to understand he would receive no money in the shape of presents, that his evangelistic labours were given gratuitously, and that it was through his books alone that he paid his travelling expenses, supported his family, and liquidated the debts incurred in California. In some cases he had agents who sold the books for him.

When Henry Reed, a wealthy friend in England, handed him, in 1866, a cheque for £100, he declined it, in accordance with his usual custom, but consented to receive, and did receive, very large sums from this beneficent Christian indirectly, as payments on book account. Mentioning a large gift taken by his wife, he says: "She had, perhaps, in that respect more sense than her husband, in that she never refused money when it was offered to her." In later years he not only received, but solicited, very extensive sums for his African and Indian work.

While labouring in Canada, in February, 1862, he was the guest of a physician, Dr. James Brown, who had spent some years in Australia, and who so urged upon him the religious needs of that new country that, after waiting upon the Lord about it, he felt called to undertake the mission. His family returned to California, and in May he took passage for Australia. His work in these southern colonies covered a continuous period of nearly three years, from 1863 to 1866; then, after an absence of three years, he put in fourteen months more of labour in the same field. During the first three years there was a net increase of over 11,000 in the membership of the Australasian Conference, and by the close of the second period 10,000 more had been added.

Seven months in South Africa were crowded with most fruitful labours, extending through Cape Colony, Kaffraria, and Natal, covering a coast line of a thousand miles. Twelve hundred souls were converted among the English-speaking colonists. This was followed by a seven-months campaign among the natives, and the missionaries enrolled over seven thousand converts from heathenism.

Reaching London in the latter part of December, 1866, he entered without delay, as his custom was, into evangelistic work in the leading Wesleyan chapels of that city, and afterwards in other parts of England and Ireland.

In the fall of 1867 his wife and the three youngest boys, who manifestly needed a permanent home for purposes of education, returned to California, and for the next thirty years the husband and father saw comparatively little of them. Truly no small share of the honour for William Taylor's great achievements must go down to the credit of Mrs. Anne Taylor, no less heroic in her way and deserving of

highest praise. Writing in 1895, he says of her:

"She has braved the storms of life which have swept over us with the spirit and courage of a true heroine, sharing in full measure my fortunes and misfortunes. The dear woman has devoted her life to the godly training of our boys, and God has given her success in developing four Christian young men, who are an honour to their parents. My foreign work has cost us a separation more distressing to mind and heart of both of us than the pains of many deaths, with occasional meetings and partings which have tended to increase the agony. Yet to this day I have never heard her object to my going or staying, or utter a murmur on account of my absence."

His next field of labour was in the West Indies, including Barbadoes, British Guiana, and many of the islands, closing with Jamaica. The net increase of members in the Wesleyan churches of that region during the year of his labours was more than 5,000. On the conclusion of his second visit to Australia, which soon followed, he took ship from Melbourne, in the latter part of 1870, for Ceylon; and here in a campaign of three months, a thousand converts were added to the churches.

William Taylor's grand work in India really began in Bombay, November, 1871, when, at the call of the American Board for missionaries there, he began a series of services. After long reflection he determined to organize a Methodist Episcopal Church. This important step was, after much prayer, deliberately taken, and the great enterprise, which was to culminate in the addition of several Conferences to Methodism, was resolutely launched. God most emphatically set His seal upon the matter by making marvellous openings in Poonah, Calcutta, Madras, Bangalore, and some other centres, and by raising up labourers as well as supporting friends among the Eurasians and domiciled Europeans,

whose spiritual wants had hitherto been greatly neglected, and who saw in this new evangelism just the gospel that met their deepest needs.

In the spring of 1875 Mr. Taylor felt it in the order of God that he should repair to London to aid Mr. Moody, after three years of intense toil.

South America was the next field to which this untiring preacher felt called. He sailed from New York for Callao, October 16, 1877, established English self-supporting schools at the chief ports on the West Coast, as well as a few on the East, getting pledges from the merchants for funds enough to make a start, and sending out teachers from the United States. The idea was to make these schools centres of evangelistic as well as educational influence, starting a work which, by the blessing of God, should grow to large proportions for the regeneration of these priest-ridden lands. That the results have not met the sanguine predictions and expectations of the projectors either here or in other parts of the world, must be admitted, but no man can withhold a cordial tribute to the great heart that planned so largely, and the severe toil with which the plans were for a season vigorously pushed.

Mr. Taylor was back in New York, May 3, 1878, having travelled in the six months about 11,000 miles, and opened up twelve centres of educational and evangelistic work. He was again in South America in 1890 and 1892, arranging and superintending, and during much of the time that he was in this country he was very busy raising money.

How came he to be not long after this a local preacher? It arose from a controversy with the missionary authorities over the ecclesiastical status of the ministers whom he had sent to South Amer-

ica. Some of them were compelled to locate, and he felt that he must share the humiliation with them. Hence he wrote to the South India Conference, of which he was at that time a member, "Grant me a location without debate," which was done. This led to his being elected a lay delegate to the General Conference which met in Philadelphia in 1884. He naively remarks: "That was a surprise to me, for it had never struck me, in the forty-two years of my ministry, that I was a layman; but my dear spiritual children in India were sharper than their father."

The story of his nomination, election, and ordination as Missionary Bishop of Africa, in 1884, all within less than twenty-four hours, to his own amazement and that of the body which did the deed, is one of thrilling interest, and by no means the least in the many notes of Providential guidance which have so plainly marked the pathway of this man of God. Nearly all concerned were made to feel that the matter was from above. Nor, on reviewing the step after nearly eighteen years, are we fully prepared to say that it was not, although it precipitated upon the Church a large expansion of mission-field which has swallowed up enormous sums of money, as well as many lives, without yielding thus far much encouraging result.

Bishop Taylor's policy for Africa was a peculiar one, strongly differing from that followed by other missions, and involving a very great amount of self-sacrifice on the part of those going out. The essential part of it was self-support by means of such industries as might be found available, and the gathering of large numbers of little children of heathen parents in every station to be adopted and trained for Jesus. On his retirement by the General Conference of 1896, and the taking over by the

Missionary Society of the work which he inaugurated and carried on for twelve years with herculean exertions, it was found by his successor, Bishop Hartzell, that about \$400,000 had been expended; that 252 missionaries had been sent out, of which number 42 were at that time in the field; that the stations, with few exceptions, had had to be abandoned; and that the total number of church members and probationers which could be reported was eighty-seven.

On being released, in May, 1896, from episcopal responsibilities, Bishop Taylor, although in somewhat feeble health, determined to make a final visit to the scene of his labours in South Africa thirty years before. Pretoria, Johannesburg, Queenstown, and many other places were briefly touched, and a number of mission stations were graciously visited with seasons of salvation and spiritual upbuilding. Of one or two of the days he says: "I do not recall any greater in my lifetime." A goodly number were converted, but the veteran warrior of so many Gospel campaigns found that the voice which had rung out over so large a number of battle-fields at last began to fail him, and, other circumstances providentially interposing, he very soon turned his steps homeward. "My last sermon in Africa was preached in a wild mountain region, and at its close seventy-eight seekers went down on their faces, and nearly forty of them professed to receive Jesus and His great salvation." Thus closed an unbroken itinerant ministry of fifty-five glorious years. Where will we find its equal?

That William Taylor was uniformly wise in all his utterances, or all his methods, will hardly be claimed by any. That he succeeded, as he seems confidently to have expected to do, in revolutionizing the accepted missionary policy of the

ages, and establishing a "short cut" to extraordinary success in brief periods by novel plans, is manifestly not true. This title to greatness he failed to make good. The old ways remain still the only ways. But certainly no man of modern days approached him in the cosmopolitan and ecumenical nature of his gospel undertakings, and probably no one excelled him in the number of the penitents that professed to find Christ through his ministrations. He had a most impressive personality and a decidedly original mind. His voice was powerful, resonant, and pathetic. He had a wonderful directness of speech. His thoughts were his own; he called no man master in theology any more than in practical work, and he knew how to clothe his ideas in clear-cut Saxon that made itself felt everywhere, even through the clumsy medium of an interpreter. He had a large, strong frame and great constitutional endurance, without which his enormous labours would have been absolutely impossible. He could not keep still, nor tarry long in a place. What has been called the locomotive habit took full possession of him. To inaugurate work few, if any, were better adapted. But he would have been in no sense fitted for a settled pastorate. Born to command, he had a most positive nature, not readily accepting human control, but al-

ways instantly submissive to what he deemed the divine leadings.

"Mr. Taylor, what is your address now?" said a gentleman to him as he was leaving London for Australia. The characteristic reply was: "I am sojourning on the globe at present, but don't know how soon I shall be leaving." He might have truthfully added that the time of leaving this globe parish concerned him not a whit. If ever a man was wholly given up to God and ready at any moment to render his account with joy, it would seem to have been William Taylor. Writings of his feelings in the midst of a severe earthquake in South America, he says: "I searched to see that I was wholly submitted to God, and quietly entrusted soul and body to the care of my Saviour. I could not call to mind one act of my life on which I could base my hope of heaven, but steadily resting my all in the hands of Jesus, I had the assurance that all was well." In the final word which ends the account of his ministerial labours, he says: "I expect to be admitted from the kingdom of grace to the kingdom of glory on the same conditions as the crucified thief, and in God's good time." Yes, but how bright the crown that has long been "laid up" for this glorious apostle! He turned very many to righteousness, and will shine as the stars for ever and for ever."

A woe on thee, treacherous heart!  
To flinch at thy torture, and fail;  
To be tried, as silver is tried,  
To be dross, and to know it not!  
At the beck of a scorner to fling  
Down the crown of thy manhood; to sink  
In defeat, to sulk in despair,  
And suffer thine ill to endure.  
A woe on thee, traitorous heart!  
To lay down thy task half done!  
How couldst thou dare it—*thou!*

And thy aim so noble, so high?  
To face the coward's doom  
Requires most courage. . . .  
Shame on thee, recreant one!  
The poltroon hero, unplumed,  
Affecting the favour of gods,  
Yet feeding on dust, or on  
The vapour of empty praise!  
Blame not thy Star,—blame thyself!  
*Thou* art the master of Fate,  
And Fortune's ordainer art *thou!*

—Pastor Felix, from "*Eglamor's Complaint*."

## HARVEST ON THE PRAIRIE.

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.



IT was sunrise when, leading a yoke of sturdy oxen, I left behind the clustered wheatsheaves around Thompson's homestead in Western Canada, but the stars were blinking down on the broad sea of grass when we plodded thick with dust into the rutted streets of a wooden town beside the railroad track. It was autumn, and, as usual at that season on the Assiniboian prairie, the day was fiercely hot, so we rested wherever a willow copse or birch bluff afforded welcome shade. My business was to assist in hauling a separator, or thrashing-machine proper, as distinguished from the engine which drives it, back across the prairie to Thompson's farm.

One of the owners was already waiting me, and we proceeded to borrow another yoke of oxen, besides two half-tamed broncos, to help us over the ravines. My comrade had fired a sawmill engine somewhere, and because the Western Canadian is above all things adaptable, had persuaded a friend who formerly sailed upon a Lake Superior whale-back to join him and another with some experience of the business in running what is termed upon the prairie a thrashing outfit. Now he seemed feverishly eager to get to work, because his whole capital had been embarked in the venture, and, so he said, another new and high-toned outfit was already coming along. The Thompson brothers afterwards decided it might have been better to have waited for that

other outfit; but the Western wheat-grower is usually characterized by a certain kindliness which prompts him, as he would express it, to give the struggling small man a show.

We were chatting together in the general room of the primitive wooden hotel. Two cheap nickelled lamps shed down an indifferent light on the group of bronzed, athletic men who, attired in fringed deerskin jackets, or more simply in old blue overalls, lounged on the hard benches or idled about the bar.

But none of them carried pistols, and no one demanded that the stranger should join him under threat of promiscuous shooting, when he called for drinks, which in accordance with a curious popular superstition the frequenter of a Western saloon should do. These were the aristocracy of that part of the prairie—sober, resourceful and indefatigable men who had broken new wheat-lands out of the virgin wilderness, and owed their present prosperity to the steadfast labour of their own hands. One or two, as I knew, could still remember the dead languages they had learned in English colleges, and others were grim Calvinists born in the bush of Ontario, who had apparently more in common with their Covenanting ancestors than the latter-day emigrants from Caledonia. They had ridden in to engage harvesters, who were expected to arrive in a body by the Pacific mail.

When we stood among the bal-  
last under the gaunt grain elevators, beside the metals, the first thing visible was a great blinking eye, which flickered like a comet beneath the dwindling telegraph-posts that vanished on the verge of the prairie. It was the blaze of the

big locomotive's headlamp, and we could see it miles away, for that part of the steel band which binds London into swift communion with China and Japan, runs straight and level across the prairie. Presently with brakes screaming, and the men who applied them clambering along the roofs above, amid a clash of loosened couplings, the freight express rolled in. Our thrasher was on a flat car in the rear, and the engineer swore roundly at us and it as we made shift with an extemporized derrick to remove it. That car was wanted somewhere farther on, and he was racing across a continent with machinery which mines were waiting for in British Columbia, and express cargo the *Empress* liner would land in Yokohama. Hardly had we got the thrasher clear when the couplings tightened, and with loud blasts from their funnels the two giant engines hauled the train out again, leaving one impressed with a sense of the greatness of British commerce and of the globe's littleness.

Then, with a double span of oxen in addition to the broncos tugging at their collars, the separator lurched off across the prairie, amid good-humoured if ironical queries as to where we were scheduled for and when we expected to get there. The pace was not exhilarating, though the clear air certainly was, and some time elapsed before the clustering roofs sank from sight, while long afterwards the ugly heads of the elevators loomed up above the grass-land's rim like the topsails of a ship hull-down at sea. In other ways the same thing was suggested, for all round the compass, as far as eye could see, swelling level beyond level, the long waves of whitened grass resembled a suddenly congealed ocean. One began to feel that in leaving the railroad we had cast off the last link binding us to a modern world, for the prairie stretched on before

us, a silent mysterious waste, as it had done since the beginning.

This lasted for some hours, and then we were roused to action, for one of the deep ravines, or *coulees*, which are common in that region, opened across our way. They resemble a deep railway cutting, save that the slopes are draped with birches and willows, and wind onward in sinuous curves apparently for ever. We held a consultation as to how the separator was to make the descent, but when the writer suggested we should wait till daylight, its owner objected strenuously. "We've sunk our last dollar in this machine, and she's got to get it back," he said. "While we sit here fooling, the others are coming along to scoop the contracts in, and we've to thrash for Thompson and then rustle south, keeping ahead of them. You're bound to take steep chances when you're a poor man."

As a result, we commenced operations by fastening stout ropes to the rear of the concern, the other ends the sailor-man passed round the stoutest birches he could find, though there is no heavy timber upon the prairie. Then with many misgivings I trudged beside the oxen, keeping a long knife handy, however, to cut the raw-hide traces in case the machine threatened to run over them. Fortune favoured us part of the time, and the birches slid upwards past us, while the groaning wheels sank into the soft trail, until on the verge of the steepest part of the declivity, we brought up panting, and I refused to lead further with the beasts. The owners, however, were far from beaten yet, and when they had made fast what the seaman called their check-lines and stern-warps to more trunks, proceeded, while the rest pulled back behind, to lower the apparatus down. They were doubtless thankful that all the heavy parts were not there, for

presently the navigator called out in warning, there was a sound of rending timber, and after being violently jerked off our feet we were trailed behind the machine until the writer, letting go, sat breathlessly in the torn-up mould, and watched the black shape charge down the incline.

It went through two thickets, smashed several growing trees into splinters, and just when we expected to see it dive into a creek, brought up with the four wheels almost axle-deep on the very verge of the quaggy bank. Then there followed vigorous language and mutual recriminations, until I remember the navigator said, "If it's anything on clean water, I'm there every time, but when you want a blamed second-hand foundry busted down the side of a mountain you can give the contract to somebody else. Don't see any use in talking; she's here—there's no disputing that, and we've got to arrange that she isn't."

I think a couple of hours were spent in assisting the four oxen and two kicking broncos to drag the machine out and force it through brake and thicket towards a rude log bridge, while at least another was passed in desperate labour before men and beast together hauled it up the opposite incline. But the owner was an individual of resolute character, and he encouraged us breathlessly with such comments as "We've taken the Thompsons' contract, and she's going there on time. Wake up before the flies eat you. You've got to beat the other outfit if you pull the wheels off."

The flies were in any case almost devouring us, for the mosquitoes had risen in legions from the swampy creek, and when both hands were urgently needed it was exasperating to feel at least a dozen hovering about one's eyes, or biting at the back of one's neck. But the

task was accomplished, and we had perforce to rest the beasts at dawn, while the sun was near the meridian, and the temperature trying, when, lurching over the crest of a rise, we came into sight of the Thompsons' holding.

But what interested us far more than the artistic aspect was the long trail of smoke which rose from the funnel of a twinkling engine, and one of the thrashers shouted exultantly at the sight of it.

"I guess she's waiting for us with steam enough to bust her. Oh, some one stir those beasts up, and get on a rustle before we freeze," he said. We brought in the separator at the nearest approach to a trot the tired beasts were capable of. Then, when the thrashers greeted their comrade with boisterous gaiety, Thompson and his brother came up. They were well-trained young Englishmen, of the kind one may meet with every here and there all the way from Winnipeg to Calgary, and some years earlier had invested the proceeds of their small patrimony in the prairie. Now, though he often worked fifteen hours a day, the handsome, bronzed man who, clad in sun-yellowed shirt which had once been blue, wide hat and dust-caked overalls, sat on the driving seat of the wagon, more resembled a cavalry officer after a hard march than a field labourer.

"We've just got some dinner ready, and hope you'll do it justice. Glad to see you, boys," he said. "Then you'd better lay back and rest an hour or so."

The former sawmill fireman, however, shook his head as he answered, "Lay off and rest be obliterated! We're working on a contract, and we're going to rush it through. If you'll keep us going with wood and water, we're ready to start right now."

The new arrivals redeemed their leader's word, and while I ad-

journed for refreshment toiled hard with hammer and spanner. Meantime a column of steam rolled aloft from the engine, which was an antiquated and rusty contrivance of the kind one still finds doing service upon the prairie, and endangering the lives of those who fire it. The stubble ran tall and yellow athwart the plain, for there being no local market for straw but little is cut with the ear, and it would have been difficult to find elsewhere such thick, flinty stems. Once in forgotten days the waters of Agassiz rolled over these wide levels, and drying strewed them with rich alluvial; then growing and rotting for countless centuries the grasses piled up a foot or two of jet-black mould, and the combination forms perhaps the finest wheat-soil in the world. Year after year it will return a heavy yield without fertilization. Thompson's ploughshare was in all probability the first to unlock its sealed-up treasure since the world began.

Men in wide felt hats and the usual coarse blue shirts gathered about the sheaves. Dusty teams were waiting before the light box-waggons, and in spite of the heat every one seemed intent and eager, while the whole scene changed as by magic when a voice cried, "We're ready!" and the separator commenced to hum.

In insular Britain the farmer's work is spread over most of the year, but upon the prairie it must be compressed into the space between April and October.

As a rule the Western harvesters have not the stalwart heaviness of some of the British field hands, but it struck the writer that they were more enduring and much more ingenious, which is, however, natural in a region where artisans are scarce and a man must depend largely on his own resources, making what he needs.

Neither were all of them paid,

for the small wheat-growers are a kindly race, and those whose work is finished drive long distances with their teams to assist their neighbours. If the poorer man requires more ploughs and harrows, or even working oxen, and another man has any to spare, he need only ask for them, while the wanderer in search of land or work usually follows the apostolic custom, taking nothing with him, for he is sure of a welcome at any homestead he cares to honour with his presence. The writer digresses to mention this because throughout the Western Dominion he has been given the warmest blanket and the ploughman or trail-cutter's best, and has entertained wanderers in return, including one who was not an angel, but an escaping murderer, unawares. The latter proved a particularly pleasant companion until he departed mysteriously, leaving no address, shortly before the representatives of the law rode up.

So there was hurry and bustle, but no ill-humour, as the separator devoured the golden sheaves. Men laughed and bantered each other in the thick of the rolling dust, while those who worked for friendship vied with those who worked for money. One could see that this was an energetic, light-hearted people who met their troubles—and they had them—cheerfully, while even in case of latitude of speech it was noticeable that Western humour was rather pointed by daring originality than by aggressive foulness. There are various reasons for this contentedness, including the sense of freedom in wide spaces, and an abundance of wholesome food. Also, it may be because on the prairie almost every one works for his own hand, and no man labours better than when he knows that each effort increases his individual prosperity; while at home the monotonous task of pro-

ducing the same thing daily for the benefit of an often unknown master too frequently prevents the toiler taking an intelligent interest in his avocation. The successful prairie farmer must, on the other hand, combine the functions of builder, engineer's fitter, and carpenter with his own, and thus, by constantly exercising his powers of invention, becomes fitted to grapple with any emergency.

After all, men are the most important product of any soil, and the best that any new country can do is to increase, not necessarily the riches, but the bodily and mental vigour, besides the happiness of the human kind. In regard to its second product, grain, the wheat, we estimated, would thrash out twenty-five bushels to the acre at least, and the oats fifty.

We rested some of the beasts perforce for an hour or two presently, and the owners thereof seized the opportunity of effecting further repairs to the separator. "She's got a blamed binder wire fooling round in her inside," one informed me. "I guess we've got to operate before it busts her."

It may be remarked that, without the automatic binder, which, as everybody knows, ties up as well as cuts the crop, there would be much less wheat grown upon the prairie. Labour is costly, prices are low, and the binder is both tireless and almost human in its action. Still, it long puzzled inventors to design an apparatus that would tie a knot in twine, and accordingly hard steel wire, which the machine twisted together and broke off, was used instead. Thompson, pressed to save time, had, however, rashly employed one of the early specimens he had either found or purchased somewhere at scrap-iron price, with the result that a piece of springy wire was causing trouble inside the separator.

The sod stable I led the beasts

into was the work of its owners' hands, built several feet thick and roofed with the same material piled over a birch branch framing; and as I gathered armfuls of the harsh and wiry prairie hay redolent of wild peppermint, I remembered how we had toiled from dawn to sunset cutting it. Artificial grasses are not grown in that region, and the farmer depends on the natural product to feed his working beasts. This grass grows only a few inches high upon the levels, and it is therefore necessary to seek it in the dried-up sloos, which are lakes formed by melting snow, where it sometimes rises more than waist high. It is made ready by the sun, and one has only to drive the mower through and convey it home, though the distance dividing homestead and hayfield may be anything under eight miles or so. I wondered what Thompson's English friends, who write him letters on crested paper, would say if they saw him sprinkled all over with soot and fibrous dust, trussing fowls by the dozen.

The moon was climbing blood-red above the edge of the dewy grass when we drew the engine fires and had supper ready. It was spread on boards in the open, because there was no room in the house for half that company, and the men fed as they had worked, heroically. Fowls, potatoes, stewed dried apples disappeared with a rapidity which kept the two cooks in a state of frantic hurry, and there were gallons of strong green tea. That, however, as usual, was the only liquor. Then while some lay prone smoking the inevitable T. and B., a neighbour rose to say, "We have to thank the Thompson brothers for a high-class spread, and if the engine holds out we're going to square the deal. They staked high on the weather, and they've won a record crop. Now, for the credit of the prairie,

it's our business to see them safely through with it."

"That's so," answered the owner of the thrasher. "There'll be a record thrashing, too, or we'll blow up some one with the old machine;" and there were murmurs of sincere, if quaintly expressed good-will when Thompson made his acknowledgments. He stood up under the moonlight, brown-bearded, supple but stalwart, with one hand on his hip, and again it struck me that here one might see to what perfection of vigour and stature our surplus peoples may grow in the new lands of the West.

A French-Canadian from Quebec wiled sweet music from a battered violin, and his companion was an Ontario Scotchman, which was fitting; for though the prevalent tone of the prairie is English, in the narrower sense of the word, these two races, the one forerunning with snowshoe, trap and rifle, and the other following with axe and plough, have between them done much for the development of the Dominion.

But at last eyes grew heavy, and even those hard limbs weary, so, some in the stable, some in the strawpile granary, or strewn about the floor of the house, the harvesters sank into slumber. Then, after Thompson junior and I had collected the remnant of the feast, and decided, after much discussion, where we were going to procure the next meal from, a deep hush settled down upon the moonlit prairie, which seemed to roll away before us out of reach of mortals' knowledge into infinity. Through it at intervals came the far-off and eerie call of a wandering coyote, then utter stillness again, until a faint clinking commenced, and with a smile I realized that the engineer could not resist attempting another improvement to his dangerous machine. So, with the intermittent clank of steel and an occasional anathema from a tired man for lullaby, I sank into deep slumber, which lasted until the first daylight roused us to commence the work again.

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## EACH IN HIS OWN NAME.

BY PROFESSOR CARRUTH.

A fire mist and a planet,  
A crystal and a cell;  
A jellyfish and a saurian,  
And caves where the cavemen dwell;  
Then a sense of law and beauty,  
And a face turned from the clod—  
Some call it Evolution,  
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,  
The infinite tender sky;  
The ripe, rich tints of the cornfields,  
And the wild geese sailing high;  
And all over upland and lowland  
The charm of the goldenrod—  
Some of us call it Autumn,  
And others call it God.

Like the tide of a crescent sea-beach,  
When the moon is new and thin,  
Into our hearts high yearnings  
Come welling and surging in—  
Come from the mystic ocean  
Whose rim no foot has trod—  
Some of us call it Longing,  
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,  
A mother starved for her brood,  
Socrates drinking the hemlock,  
And Jesus on the rood;  
The million who, humble and nameless,  
The straight, hard pathway trod—  
Some call it Consecration,  
And others call it God.

## THE RELIGIOUS SIDE OF CHARLES DICKENS.

BY HENRY WOODCOCK.



O name in our literature has figured more prominently during the last seventy years than that of Charles Dickens. His works, about forty in number, have had an enormous circulation, and won for their author a great fortune and an immense reputation.

And the reason is not far to seek. The genius which could create a world so closely resembling the real condition of millions in the days in which he wrote, and yet so far beyond it in humour and pathos, could not fail to obtain instant and wide recognition. Fifty years ago he was the favourite writer in England, and librarians used to tell us that no books were so much read, and so soon worn out, as those of Charles Dickens. He did for London and his much loved Kent what Barrie, Crockett, and 'Ian Mac-laren' are now doing for Scotland; showed us the heart of the people, and gave artistic expression to their innermost feelings.

At that time, certain great evils in our gaols, union-workhouses, public and private schools, had assumed gigantic proportions, and were carried on under a thin disguise. The treatment of many workhouse children, branded by their parents with sin and disgrace, was cold, rigid, and cruel in the extreme. Their parents did not want them; the overseers did not want them; the world did not want them. They were cuffed and kicked from pillar to post. There was the regulation



CHARLES DICKENS AT 27.

clothing, which seemed designed with an eye to ugliness, and the regulation hair, cut to a cheerful pattern of rats'-tails and bullet-heads, while the dull eyes, the pinched faces, unflushed by the emotions of youth, all told of the stunting effects of child-life in the workhouse. These evils Dickens dragged to the light, and greatly helped to shame them out of existence.

Dickens was an unconscious reformer, and his words awakened sympathy for millions hiding away from the common walks of life. His wit, his humour, his gaiety, his pathos, untarnished by any indecency of language or suggestion, made his works readable in the purest family circles. They made for righteousness. The humanity,

the happiness, the hilarity of the nation have gained by them, and the morals of the nation have not suffered from anything he wrote. Alas! how many novels have been written since then which tend to deteriorate the nation's morals, which it would have been well if they had been left in the desks of the writers!

Much of Dickens' unique genius he owed to the painful experience of his early boyhood, in the weary days when his father's pecuniary difficulties compelled the poor boy first to drudgery in their mean and poverty-stricken home, from which article after article had been pledged at the pawnshop, and then to the degradation of his cousin's blacking establishment, relieved occasionally by dismal visits to his father, who was a debtor in the Marshalsea Prison. It is well known that the novelist's early life is partially reflected in David Copperfield's misfortunes and struggles in the Murdstone and Grinly days. Mr. Forster, Dickens' biographer, says:

"His characters were not his clients whose cause he pleaded with such pathos and humour, and on whose side he got the laughter and tears of all the world, but in some sort his very self. Nor was it a small part of this manifest advantage that he should have obtained his experience as a child and not as a man; that only the good part, the flower and fruit of it, was plucked by him, and that nothing of the evil part, none of the earth in which the seed was planted, remained to soil him."

People who are fonder of satire than sympathy, may not enjoy the writings of Dickens, but he was one of the greatest masters our country has yet seen in setting forth in words of the common day the secrets of men's joys and sorrows. His keen insight into human character, the strength of his creative power, his wit, humour, and pathos, and the grace, gaiety, and flexibility of his style, have secured for his works an enormous circulation, and

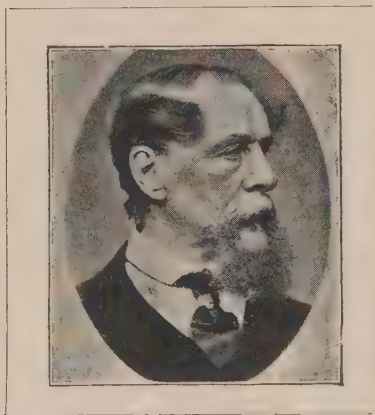
they have been, and are to-day, read with laughter and tears by millions of all classes in England and America, indeed, wherever the English language is spoken. His talk of costermongers, thieves, burglars, gaol-birds—the Hooligans of the day—was transmuted into gold, and the prattle of little children became eloquent in bringing tears into eyes not wont to weep. His "folk" are bathed in that love of the humorous which plays like sunshine upon the homeliest features and the most grotesque shapes. Indeed, Mr. H. A. Taine, D.C.L., the French writer, says:

"In reality, the novels of Dickens can all be reduced to one phrase, to wit: Be good, and love. There is genuine joy only in the emotions of the heart; sensibility is the whole man. Leave science to the wise, pride to the nobles, luxury to the rich; have compassion on humble wretchedness; the smallest and most despised being may in himself be worth as much as thousands of the powerful and the proud. Take care not to bruise the delicate souls which flourish in all conditions, under all costumes, in all ages. Believe that humanity, pity, forgiveness, are the finest things in man; believe that intimacy, expansion, tenderness, tears, are the sweetest things in the world. To live is nothing; to be powerful, learned, illustrious, is little; to be useful is not enough. He alone has lived and is a man, who has wept at the remembrance of a kind action which he himself has performed or received."

Since Dickens died the market of human story-telling has given us no substitute. Great authors, like Bunyan, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Carlyle, Dickens, and others, are rare and special gifts of God to the generations in which they live, and to the generations that follow them. Their works live for the appreciation of humanity, and are as beautiful and as warmly loved as when they came fresh from the brains of the authors. Great warriors—Drake, Raleigh, Marlborough, Nelson, Wellington, by whose labours the world profits to-day, are only

names to us, but the great writers we have just mentioned are living realities, and unborn generations will reap the fruits of their genius.

Mr. Dickens was a real home-bird, and did what he could to make that home, to his children, the brightest and happiest spot in the world. Some brilliant writers when away from home, in general society, sparkle and scintillate, flash out their wit, and irradiate all within their reach, who, when at home, are cold as ice, dull as a rusted steel. It is otherwise with Dickens. Miss Dickens says: "He never was too



CHARLES DICKENS.

busy to interest himself in his children's occupations, amusements, and general conduct." During his visit to Edinburgh, when three hundred of its chief notabilities gave him a reception kings might covet, and enough to turn any young man's brain, he wrote to his friend, Mr. Forster: "The moral of this is, that there is no place like home; and that I thank God most heartily for having given me a quiet spirit that won't hold many people. I sigh for battledore and shuttlecock. . . . Sunday I shall revisit my household gods, please Heaven. I wish the day were here." On his return from America he found his four children, two girls

and two boys, waiting for him, and he kissed them through the bars of the gate, because he was too eager to wait till it was opened.

Charles Dickens was not the godless man that he is supposed to have been by the popular mind. Thomas Carlyle says that no strong man ever had a fool for his mother. Mr. Dickens says but little about his mother, but of his father he wrote:

"Everything that I can remember of his conduct to his wife or children, or friends, in sickness or affliction, is beyond all praise. By me, as a sick child, he has watched night and day, unweariedly and patiently, many nights and days. He never undertook any business, charge, or trust that he did not zealously, conscientiously, punctually, honourably discharge. His industry has always been untiring."

The son of this worthy sire, when but a boy, had to struggle as few boys ever had to struggle. He early formed the habit of daily prayer, which he never abandoned, "For," says he, "I found the comfort of it," and he urged his children to follow his example in this respect. When his children were little, and "about him," he wrote out for them an easy history of the New Testament. The Bible was to him a Divine, God-given Book. "The best book," he says, "that ever was, or ever will be known in the world." He recognized Christ as the Divine Saviour of the world, and he taught his children to pray to Him as such. He urged upon their acceptance the beauty of the Christian religion, as it came from Christ Himself, and the impossibility of their being saved in any other way.

Mr. Marzials says, "Never at any time does he appear to have been greatly troubled by speculative doubt. There is no evidence in his life, no evidence in his letters, no evidence in his books, that he had ever seen any cause to question the truth of the reply which

Christianity gives to the world-old problems of man's origin and destiny. For abstract speculation he had not the slightest turn or taste. In no single one of his characters does he exhibit any fierce mental struggle. All that side of human experience, with its anguish of battle, its despairs and its triumphs, seems to have been unknown to him. Perhaps he had the stronger grasp of other matters in consequence—who knows? But the fact remains, with a trust quite simple and untroubled, he held through life to the faith of Christ."

In his will, dated May 12, 1869, he said, "I commit my soul to the mercy of God through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the broad teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction here or there."

On the last day of his life, probably the last letter that left his pen, he wrote to one who had objected to some passage in "Edwin Drood," as irreverent. "I have always striven in my writings to express veneration for the life and lessons of our Saviour—because I feel it."

Parents who are indifferent to the moral and religious welfare of their offspring are sinners of the deepest dye. The most beautiful and abiding instruction which a child can have of the goodness of God, and the tenderness of Christ, as the world's Saviour, is that communicated by their parents. Dickens was careful to teach his children the elementary truths of Christianity—the existence of God; the obligation of the Ten Commandments as the supreme rule of conduct; our Saviour's golden rule; honesty, purity, mercy towards men and beasts, truthfulness, uprightness, self-helpfulness, forgiveness, daily prayer, and last, and

most important of all, trust in Jesus Christ as the world's Redeemer. He wished them to be Christians after the pattern of Christ's teaching and example. He left their acceptance of Church dogmas to their own will and choice, but the Bible was, in his estimation, God's guide for man. Christ was the world's only Saviour, and Him they must trust. He did not tell them where to begin in reading the Bible, and where to leave off, but he does say to his children, "Read and obey." He believed that the highest and holiest, as well as the common interests of the nation—physical, mental, moral, and religious—could only be secured by making the young and rising generation believers in God and followers of Christ. And in this respect he was a rebuke to some of loftier pretensions.

The following beautiful little prayer Mr. Dickens wrote out for each of his children, and taught them to repeat it night and morning as soon as they could talk:

"Pray God, who has made everything, and is so kind and merciful to everything He has made who tries to be good and to deserve it.

"Pray God bless my dear papa, mamma, brothers and sisters, and auntie, and all my relations and friends.

"Make me a good little girl. Let me never be naughty or tell a lie, which is a mean and shameful thing. Make me kind to my nurses and servants, and to all poor people.

"Let me never be cruel to any dumb creature; for if I am cruel to anything, even to a poor little fly, Thou, who art so good, wilt never love me.

"Pray God to bless and to preserve us all this night, and for evermore, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

When his children left home to fight the great battle of life for themselves, he used to write a letter of counsel to each. Here is one such letter, and it would be difficult to conceive wiser and more appropriate counsel:

"I write this note to-day because your going away is much upon my mind, and because I want you to have a few parting words from me to think of now and then, at quiet times. I need not tell you that I love you dearly; and am very, very sorry, in my heart, to part with you. But this life is half made up of partings, and these pains must be borne. It is my comfort, and my sincere conviction, that you are going to try the life for which you are best fitted. I think its freedom and wildness more suited to you than any other experiment in a study or office would ever have been; and without that training you could have followed no other suitable occupation. What you have always wanted until now has been a set, steady, constant purpose. I therefore exhort you to persevere in a thorough determination to do whatever you have to do as well as you can do it. I was not so old as you are now when I first had to win my food, and do this out of this determination, and I have never slackened in it since.

"Never take a mean advantage of any one in any transaction, and never be hard upon people who are in your power. Try to do to others as you would like them to do to you; and do not be discouraged if they fail sometimes. It is much better for you that they should fail in obeying the greatest rule laid down by our Saviour than that you should. I have put a New Testament among your books for the very same reasons, and with the very same hopes that made me write an easy account of it for you when you were a little child. Because it is the best book that ever was or will be known in the world; and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature who tries to be truthful and faithful to duty can possibly be guided.

"As your brothers have gone away, one by one, I have written to each such words as I am writing to you, and have entreated them all to guide themselves by this book, putting aside the interpretations and inventions of men. You will remember that you have never at home been wearied about religious observances or mere formalities. I have always been anxious not to weary my children with such things before they are old enough to form opinions respecting them. You will, therefore, understand the better

that I now most solemnly impress upon you the truth and beauty of the Christian religion as it came from Christ Himself, and the impossibility of your going far wrong if you humbly but heartily respect it. Only one thing more on this head. The more we are in earnest as to feeling it, the less we are disposed to hold forth about it. Never abandon the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers night and morning. I have never abandoned it myself, and I know the comfort of it. I hope you will always be to say, in after life, that you had a kind father. You cannot show your affection for him so well, or make him so happy, as by doing your duty."

If parents cannot encircle their children with honours, or bequeath to them an ample fortune, they can do what Charles Dickens sought to do for his children—teach them purity, justice, and the fear of the Lord.

Many of Mr. Dickens' admirers are just now regretting that Gad's Hill has not been purchased by the nation, and that no statue in bronze has been erected for the great novelist at Gad's Hill, or in London. As if he had anticipated this wish, Mr. Dickens, in his last will, with a self-effacement which we cannot fail to admire, expressed a wish that, "no monument, memorial, or testimonial" of him should ever take place. We know that thousands of people are gratified by a visit to Ruskin's Museum, Shakespeare's house, and Burns' Cottage. But surely we can admire a great writer without wishing to know where he did his work, or how many bed-chambers there were in his house? Charles Dickens' best memorial is the splendid humane work he did. A statue as high as St. Paul's would not heighten his fame with the English-speaking race a single cubit. His monument lies in his work.—*Primitive Methodist Magazine.*

Never yet was a springtime,  
Late though lingered the snow,  
That the sap stirred not at the whisper

Of the south wind, sweet and low;  
Never yet was a springtime  
When the buds forgot to blow.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

## THE DOCTRINE OF ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

*A STUDY IN COMPARATIVE THEOLOGY.*

BY THE REV. JESSE S. GILBERT, A.M., PH.D.



**B**ISHOP FOWLER is credited with the remark that there are two subjects upon which Methodist preachers are always ready to fight, one of these being conference boundaries, and the other entire sanctification. Over few subjects in theology has there been a greater war of words, greater diversity of opinion, or a more fervent or diverse appeal to Scripture and to Christian experience.

All admit the importance of the subject, the desirability of holiness, and that all Christians should aim at nothing less than complete deliverance from all sin. When may this complete victory be obtained? When may heart and life be freed from all sin, actual and inbred, not only from sinful acts, but from sinful tendencies and susceptibilities? The answer to this question is the storm centre. It may be arranged under five heads:

I. That it takes place at death, and at death only. This is the view held by all denominations that have adopted the system of theology known as Calvinistic, as the Presbyterian, Reformed Baptist, and Congregational Churches.

The Catechism and Creed of the Presbyterian Church are very explicit upon this point.

Question 78 of the Larger Catechism: "Whence arises the imperfection of sanctification in believers?"

Answer—"The imperfection of

sanctification in believers arises from the remnants of sin abiding in every part of them, and the perpetual lustings of the flesh against the spirit: whereby they are often foiled with temptations, and fall into many sins. Are hindered in all their spiritual services, and their best works are imperfect and defiled in the sight of God."

According to the customs of the old-time polemics, there are references to a number of proof-texts. This question and answer do not tell us when the Christian may obtain deliverance from all sin, but the Shorter Catechism fixes the time. Thus (Q. 37): "What benefits do believers receive from Christ at death." A. "The souls of believers are, at their death, made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory: and their bodies being still united to Christ, do rest in their graves till the resurrection."

Question 82 is very explicit: "Is any man able perfectly to keep the commandments of God?" A. "No mere man, since the fall, is able in this life perfectly to keep the commandments of God, but doth daily break them in thought, word, and deed."

A story is told of an eminent American jurist, now deceased, that when a small boy he stole from the pantry and ate a mince-pie. His father rebuked him, and said, among other things, "Don't you know that you have broken one of the commandments of God." The father was a good old-time Presbyterian, and the boy had been brought up upon the Shorter Catechism. Promptly he looked up in the father's face and replied, "No mere man, since the fall, is able in

this life perfectly to keep the commandments of God, but doth daily break them in thought, word, and deed."

The Catechism of the Reformed Church very plainly teaches that no Christian is perfectly holy in this life, save by the imputation of the righteousness of Christ.

Q. 60. "How art thou righteous before God?" A. "Only by a true faith in Jesus Christ; so that, though my conscience accuse me, that I have grossly transgressed all the commands of God, and kept none of them, and am still inclined to all evil, notwithstanding God, without any merit of mine, but only of mere grace, grants and imputes to me the perfect satisfaction, righteousness, and holiness of Christ; even so as if I never had had, nor committed, any sin. Yea, as if I had fully accomplished all that obedience which Christ hath accomplished for me, inasmuch as I embrace such benefit with a believing heart." A "Compendium of the Christian Religion" is a part of the standards of the Reformed Church.

Q. 69. "Can they who are converted to God perfectly keep the law?" A. "Not at all; but even the most holy men, as long as they are in this life, have only a small beginning of this obedience; yet so that they with a sincere resolution begin to live not only according to some, but according to all the commandments of God, as they also constantly pray to God that they may daily increase therein."

The Baptist and Congregational Churches hold to the Calvinistic view of sanctification, though not in quite so rigid and unyielding a form.

2. A second theory is that all sin is eliminated at conversion. This has never, that I am aware of, found its way into the creed or confession of any branch of the Church, but has only been held

here and there by individuals. Dr. Crane, the father of Stephen Crane, the famous writer of war novels, wrote a book entitled: "Holiness the birthright of all God's Children," in which he advocated this view, and a son of Bishop Scott, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, set forth the same idea in a little periodical. I do not know whether it is still issued or not.

But the theory is so utterly at variance with all Christian experience, and so contrary to the whole tenor of the New Testament, that it has never obtained much favour. Borrowing a medical phrase, we might say that there have only been a few sporadic cases of this peculiar and untenable view of the subject.

3. The third view is that held by Arminians, especially as represented in all the various branches of Methodism. According to this theory, the believer may be completely delivered from all sin in this life. It is not maintained that all are so delivered before the article of death, and provision is made for those who are truly regenerated—therefore partially, but not wholly, sanctified—and whom death overtakes before the work is completed. These have the work cut short in righteousness, even as infants and children, dying as such, are freed from all inbred sin. There can be no place in hell for a truly regenerated child of God. So that the second and third theories practically come in rather close touch. It is, nevertheless, stoutly maintained that it is the privilege of all believers to be fully freed from sin, and live blameless, though not faultless, lives.

Q. 58, in Catechism: "May every believer be wholly sanctified in this life?" A. "Yes, God's command is, 'Be ye holy, for I am holy;' and His promise is, 'If we confess our sins, He will cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'"

There are, however, among Methodists, two schools of thought upon the subject of entire sanctification. One, represented by the late Phoebe Palmer and John S. Inship, hold it to be a distinct work, with a specific conviction and a specific faith, so peculiar and separate from conversion that they name it the "second blessing," appealing for confirmation of their view alike to the Holy Scriptures and their own experience. In their public meetings and addresses they appeal to those present to come forward, and then and there experience the blessing of entire sanctification.

They deride the idea of this state ever being attained by growth, no matter how faithful and diligent the Christian may be, no matter how holy his life or sincere his desires. Great stress is placed upon profession, and not to profess the blessing on all suitable occasions is to lose it. The other school, embracing the larger and more conservative part of the Methodist Church, hold that entire sanctification, as the term implies, is a growth, and better professed by life than lip, to be sought for in the diligent use of the means of grace, and in a steady approximation to the divine ideal.

There is a sort of compromise held by such writers as Myer, Morgan, Pierson, Murray, Pentecost, and others, namely, that sin is not eradicated, but repressed, that the seed remains, while the Christian has abiding victory. The believer, according to this, is kept from sinning, but not from sin. This is called the Higher Life, and is known in England as the Keswick theory. It is propagated by means of conventions and books, and has lifted many to a higher and holier spiritual state.

The Roman Catholics have provided purgatory as a half-way station between earth and heaven, in which, by suffering, the soul is

cleansed from venial sin, and made fit for heaven. This is the fourth theory. Catholic writers differ as to the nature and intensity of this suffering, but all agree that the souls in purgatory are aided by the prayers of the faithful, and the dogma has been wonderfully helpful to the Church's finances. A noted Roman Catholic writer says: "In purgatory those souls are purified and rendered fit to enter heaven, where nothing defiled enters." ("Bruno on Catholic Doctrine," page 196.)

The Roman Catholics have a sort of doctrine of the Higher Life that wonderfully approaches the Keswick view. Those who live in this loftier spiritual realm are said to have a vocation. According to the Keswick view, all Christians are called to the higher and best things of God. According to the Roman Catholic teaching, only a few are so called, the great majority living upon a lower and a common plane. The Roman Catholic Church maintains that this higher spiritual life can only be lived in sacred callings, in the priesthood, in the nunnery, in celibacy, and in seclusion from the active and common work of the world.

All Protestant teachers of the higher life hold that it is for the kitchen, the field, the market-place, and the workshop, as well as the study, the cloister, and the closet.

There is a fifth theory of sanctification, namely, that it is completed in the heavenly life. We enter heaven with all the imperfections and frailties of earth, there to be made into the perfect image of our Lord. This seems to be the view of such thinkers as Drs. Briggs and Bradford, and is that taught by Swedenborgians or the New Church. Under one of these five general heads, all possible theories of sanctification may be placed.

The object of this article is not controversial, but to simplify and

systematize thought upon the subject. To some extent it is a war of words and terms. Much depends upon the definition given to the word "sin." If by sin we mean only the "wilful violation of a known law," few will claim that Christians are under a necessity to sin.

Upon the other hand, if sin is anything that falls short of the absolute perfection required by God's holy law, he is a bold man who professes sinlessness. The Shorter Catechism, one of the standard authorities of the Presbyterian Church, thus defines sin: "Sin is any want of conformity unto, or transgression of, the law of God." Dr. Hodge, the elder and the Nestor of American Calvinism, says in his *Theology*, that any man who cannot say that he loves God just as much as he ought to love Him, is to that extent a sinner. Thus two men will strive in debate: one will contend that a man may live perfectly free from sin, while the other will as stoutly maintain that every man sins every hour in the day. Dr. Fish, a noted Baptist clergyman, declared that there was enough sin in the best act of his life to for ever condemn him.

A little investigation will show that the contestants in this endless debate mean a very different thing by the word "sin." One means everything that falls short of absolute and ideal perfection, all infirmities, errors, and, in short, everything below the angelic life of heaven, while the other means an actual transgression.

We need charity for each. All religions aim at holiness, although with widely different views as to its nature and the method by which it may be secured. Some seek for it in sacrament and priestly absolution, and some in physical torture and voluntary suffering and sacrifice; while others, with better light, seek for it in the refining and sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit. May not the dear Lord respect all seekings after truth, even though hands are outstretched in darkness and in doubt?

It is better to be holy than to debate about holiness, and life is a more efficient witness than lip. Better yet when lip and life combine. What we need is not a theory, but a condition. There have been saints in all churches, and professing all creeds.

#### LONGING FOR THE POET'S VOCATION.

—Hast thou the endowment supreme,  
The invincible spirit? Then, on!—  
On to the crown and the goal,  
For crown and goal are thine.  
But, child of longing, beware!  
Thou hast weakness, parent of woe.  
Choose thou some humbler sphere  
Of simpler service, where need  
And fitness may combine  
To give thee happiness.  
The heart of the Poet oft  
Is shrivelled with his vain wooing  
Of the Promethean fire.  
The bolts that stun and destroy  
Roll round the Olympian height;  
They singe and sear the brows.  
Of the mightiest, but the reins  
Of the feeble they blast,—as the torch  
Of the lightning that blackens the stone  
The thatch of the cotter consumes. . . .

Ah! had to me been given  
The fiery soul of him  
To whom song's crown belongs,—  
The Poet's nobler doom;  
His sorrows and his pains,  
His triumphs and his joys!  
I had deemed it bliss to be  
A sharer of Homer's crust,  
Of Dante's lonely hour,  
Of Tasso's 'lumin'd cell;  
(Where, after maddening rage  
And sullen gloom subdued,  
Amid the beamy close  
Of our Italian day,  
The glorious Poet sat,  
Crowned with the living flowers  
He culled from Paradise;)  
Then had desiring flame  
Fretted my heart indeed,  
But not, as now, in vain.

—Pastor Felix, from "*Eglamor's Complaint*."

## ILLUMINATION AND ILLUSTRATION.

BY MARY M'ARTHUR TUTTLE.



**I**f ye bryghmyng was pe word & ye dord was  
 at god : i god was pe word yis was in ye brygh  
 myng at god alle yingis weren maad by him :  
 and wynter him was maad no ying pat yig  
 pat was maad in him washt and pe lgt was  
 pe lgt of men and bst schynep in derknessis and  
 derknessis myghendiden not it



**E**MBELLISHING the written or printed text seems to be a natural outgrowth of the artistic mind. And it must certainly aid the understanding and the enjoyment of those who are not skilled in the art of drawing and painting. The beautiful colours, the gold, silver and bronze used by the early masters of illuminating or missal painting from the fourth to the sixteenth centuries, differ somewhat from the pigments used after the Renaissance; and even to our own day architects, decorators, stained-

glass workers, and all artists look into the fine old vellum books to find rare combinations of colour.

In the collection at Munich, which is justly celebrated, among the most realistic and pleasing illuminations, to my taste, is the sitting figure of David with his harp. The head is relieved by a beautiful turquoise blue background, greens, reds, and deep browns help the general effect. Usually in mediæval work, the dull lavenders, the brick-dust reds, the light buffs, are the favourite colours, while an occasional manuscript is found with pink introduced.

In the Vatican is preserved a pictorial embellishment of Virgil, written in elegant capitals of gold

and silver on vellum. The vellum is stained a red purple, the Greek purple, which is also called the Tyrian purple. This colour was also in use among the Latin people. In Egypt, all ritual directions which appeared on the margin of the main text were written in red, and the term rubric is derived from this fact.

These early illuminations oftentimes afford the student material for the history of costumes. While to-day we understand the words "miniature painting" to mean portraits on ivory, etc., yet in the middle ages the word "miniature" was a synonymous term with "illumination." In spite of the iconoclasts in the East, and the burning of Arabic manuscripts in Spain, much has come down to present generations of the Byzantine and Moorish work. In the sixth century, Ireland was the seat of numerous monasteries and seminaries, the work done in which was of an unusual character, in exquisite interlacing patterns. Very large sums—£750 and even £2,000—have been given for ninth century work, a folio Vulgate, for instance. The subjects of illuminated works are oftentimes the Trinity, and its three persons treated individually, saints and angels, patriarchs and prophets, evangelists and martyrs.

From the eleventh century gold leaf was applied to a substratum of fine plaster, as in some Spanish or Moorish work. It is related that the gospel found upon the knee of the great Emperor, Charlemagne, when his tomb at Aix-la-Chapelle was opened, was illuminated in the "most majestic and magnificent style."

In the fourteenth century conventional patterns of leaves, natural foliage—the oak, the vine, the ivy, bright-hued birds, and especially the peacock—were in use. The great Renaissance showed a new spirit in these lines of work,

as in all others! The British Museum preserves some missal work by Jan Hubert and Margaretta Van Eyke—borders of gold on which are scattered flowers, fruit, and insects. And a manuscript called "The Hours of Anne of Brittany," kept in the Louvre, sixteenth century work, is remarkably fine! The text, it may be thought, dwindles into insignificance beside these wonderful illuminations.

Much depends in these arts upon the material which the artist has to work upon. In Egypt the paper made of layers of the papyrus, a plant that was common in that country, differed in strength and durability. The writers of the New Testament used "charta" (2 John 12) this kind of paper. But of existing manuscripts most are written on vellum or parchment, and on paper of later origin. Vellum was the most durable, also the most costly. The manuscripts on paper are of a date posterior to the seventh century.

The early manuscripts were made in rolls, yet as these were found to be unhandy, it became customary, says Dr. Nast, to write on large sheets, which were folded up like maps in an atlas—four, five, six, or eight fold, of different sizes. "This is the form of nearly all manuscripts extant."

The Greek manuscripts were mostly written without division of words in capital letters, until the ninth century, when small letters and capitals only at the head of certain words came into use. The separation of words from each other by a point or empty space did not become general before the ninth century.

Punctuation marks were seldom used by the ancients. How learned they were, and yet how free from

\* "Introduction to the Gospel Records," page 13. William Nast, D.D. Hitchcock & Walden, publishers, 1866.

the tormenting periods, colons, semicolons, etc., of the modern litterateur.

Wood engraving is amongst the oldest of arts for illustration. "If a block of wood is inked with a greasy ink and then pressed on a piece of paper, the ink on the block will be at once transferred to the paper." Such simple experiments as this first originated the art of wood engraving. Although its methods are primitive, yet it has developed into one of the noblest arts. It is doubtful just where it originated; some believe with the Chinese. European wood-engraving dates from the first quarter of the fifteenth century. In the Brussels Library collection there is a cut dating 1418.

In these early works shading was not considered, and even in the sixteenth century work they cared very little for aerial perspective or local colour. But they drew in a firm, clear, simple style. Sometimes these early masters resorted to "black patches," as they are called, to emphasize their work. In the Christmas Dancers, one of Wohlgemuth's wood engravings, the shoes are what is known as "black patches"—no hatchings, no lines, but splotches, as it were. Wohlgemuth was Albrecht Durer's teacher. "The Salutation," as Durer called one of his works, shows figures with draperies like statuary—while a bit of sky in perspective is worked up with the greatest tenderness of feeling.

Albrecht Durer, who was justly celebrated as wood engraver, etcher, painter, carved in wood in high relief.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries engravers shaded with straight lines or simple curves, with very little freedom of thought, quite conventionally. Bewick, who was born in 1753, and died in 1828, was a great genius. His black

lines were obtained by cutting out white lines or spaces between them, and cross black lines. These white lines were abundant in Bewick's work, and curiously enough Wohlgemuth himself used them. Imagine the scales of a fish, a fisherman's net, being cut out by Bewick in white—thought out and executed as carefully as a violinist would follow an exquisite tone to its final expression.

The followers of Bewick did not care to take the trouble to carry their art to such a degree of perfection, so they adopted the black line, and their art fast reduced itself to a handicraft, lost the touch of genius.

Nineteenth century work imitates every kind of engraving, every kind of drawing. Thus we have wood-cuts which resemble line engravings, etchings, and even mezzotints, while others try to imitate the crumbling touch of charcoal, or of chalk, or the wash of a water-colour.

"To him who in the love of Truth  
Holds communion with nature  
She speaks a various language."

Steel engraving is a most difficult art—laborious, painfully tedious, with much less atmosphere, and texture, and colour than one can get from a wood-cut, but the steel engraving fascinates many, and all natures which like to think along the incisiveness of ideas, delight in it. It is acute, penetrating work. Let us turn joyfully, thankfully, from this cold and calculated mode of procedure in art, to the etching, and exclaim, as the old Dutch poet does:

"Know ye what etching is? It is to ramble  
On copper; in a summer twilight's hour  
To let sweet Fancy fiddle tunefully.  
It is the whispering from Nature's heart.  
Heard when we wander on the moor, or  
gaze  
On the sea, on fleecy clouds of heaven."

It is said that "a great etching is the product of a grandly consti-

tuted mind; every stroke of it has value exactly proportionate to the mental capacity of the artist." Manual skill, patience, care, and great emotion are all necessary.

To express one's thoughts in as few lines as may be, and put as much meaning as possible into each, is the art. An ordinary etching is a very insipid creation, but in Rembrandt, in Albert Durer, Goya, Millais, Ruskin, Francis Seymour, Haden, Daubigny, and in Jacque, one finds sensitiveness, emphasis, frankness, speed, motive, suggesting the plate, the needle, the acid bath, the laboratory and printing room, the rolling, the biting, the dry-point and the chemistry of etching, till we are obliged to exclaim, "how wonderful!"

Half-tones, electrotype plates,

zinc etchings, all of which are in use now-a-days to illustrate the written text, are familiar to every reader. The laborious processes which formerly were necessary to bring before the reader illuminations and illustrations, began a short time ago to be superseded by inexpensive half-tones. A zinc etching can only be made from a pen-and-ink drawing. The ink is of a peculiar quality, the pen also as fine as can well be used full, and handled in definite lines, all of which is difficult to attain. The line must stand for what it means; no retracing of lines, no hesitancy of expression. This process is much cheaper than the half-tones, which can be made from photographs or india-ink sketches.

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### THE THIRD EPISTLE OF JOHN.

BY R. WALTER WRIGHT.

'Tis said, when in the darkening Occident  
The great calm evening star shines clear and bright,  
A wise archangel daily by its light  
Records each deed of mercy done or meant,  
Each word of cheer to human souls o'erspent;  
And also, side by side, each deed of spite,  
Each word malignant with its serpent bite—  
Who helps, who hinders, in his soul's intent.  
I read of Gaius, philanthropic heart!  
Demetrius who ne'er the truth forsook,  
Of Diotrephes with his wicked art  
And prating words imposed the Church upon;  
Methinks a page of the archangel's book  
Has fallen to earth, this letter of St. John.

Beamsville, Ont.

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### THE TWA PRAYERS.

"Twa men gaed into the kirk to pray,"  
('Twas the Maister the story tauld,  
In the aulden time when the unco guid  
Had forritsome grown an' bauld).

The ane was an up-settin' body atweel,  
Wi' an unco conceit o' himsel';  
The ither a menseless thro' ither chiel,  
Wi' nae muckle guid to tell.

The up-settin' body spak' lood an' lang,  
As he threipit the Lord fu' sair,

That he wasna ava like ither men,  
But had gowpens o' grace to spare.

But the menseless chiel wi' a heid doon hung,  
Had little or nocht to say;  
But he placed his haun on his heavin' breist,  
An' his hert was sad an' wae.

An' the Lord aboon, whase heavenly ear  
Can hear tho' the lips be dumb,  
Had a smile o' peace for His errin' bairn,  
That cam' as a bairn suld come.

—John MacFarlane, in *Presbyterian College Journal*.

## THE PAINTER'S ART IN ENGLAND.\*

BY HORACE TOWNSEND.



IN these opening years of the twentieth century, when art criticism has arrogated to itself, at the hands of some of its professors, the exactitude of treatment hitherto more associated with the sciences, it would be difficult in the space of an ordinary magazine article adequately to set forth the history and merits of even one of the many schools into which modern English art finds itself subdivided. It is perhaps not necessary to employ the exhaustive diligence and wealth of critical diction which such masters as Ruskin and Morelli set the fashion of employing to give a comprehensive view of modern English art.

Our illustration, "The Lady of Shalott," admirably illustrates the following lines in Tennyson's musical, mystical poem :

There she weaves by night and day  
A magic web with colours gay.  
She has heard a whisper say,  
A curse is on her if she stay  
To look down to Camelot.  
She knows not what the curse may be,  
And so she weaveth steadily,  
And little other care hath she,  
The lady of Shalott.

A close regard of the art of today, as of that of the Renaissance, must proceed on distinctly sociological, as apart from purely æsthetic, lines. It would be interesting to trace the ethical causes which, intensifying the geographical insularity of Great Britain, had led her at the beginning of the last cen-



THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

—By J. W. Waterhouse.

tury to a degree of isolation in regard to art as well as to commerce, which was probably without its parallel in Europe. That she was forced to seek her own artistic salvation, and to a certain extent was successful in the quest, ought to be accounted to her for æsthetic righteousness.

One has only to glance backward to see how the sacred fire was decorously, but none the less reverentially, handed on by Reynolds, Romney, Gainsborough, and their followers, to the hands almost touching our own, of Turner and Constable. It was indeed by the last named fanned into so dazzling a blaze that its light penetrated through the fogs of our own island

\* By courtesy of The Chautauquan.

and became a beacon by means of which one great French school was helped to attain the secure harbour of pre-eminence in landscape art. It is true that with the deaths of these great masters English art seemed to fall into a state of apathy and decline which for nearly a generation threatened

for light and culture in regard to pictorial achievement.

It must be remembered that it is a fact, though one that is often lost sight of, that the measure of the artist, when schools and not individuals are considered, is to be taken by that of his patron. It was for want of culture and sympa-



"DON'T BE AFRAID, I WON'T LET HIM HURT YOU."

—Illustrating "Hours with the Painters."

more closely to approach annihilation.

The rampant commercialism which was not the product but the producer of the so-called Manchester school, with its deification of the materialistic and its contempt of the idealistic, seemed to swamp for a time all that spoke

thetic patronage that English art of the last generation suffered.

With one or two exceptions, the great aristocratic families of our day have not followed in any worthy way the traditions of their order in regard to the sympathetic encouragement of the art.

A quarter of a century ago those

of us who were young enough to be enthusiastic, groaned in spirit as we wandered with the well dressed and smugly respectable crowd which thronged the rooms of the Royal Academy during each succeeding May. Over the complacently bobbing heads we espied upon the walls a collection of ingeniously ill-painted, pictorial anecdote, pseudo-biblical reminiscence, and impossible landscape, which harmonized curiously with the Philistines who bowed the knee in their own temple dedicated to their own uses.

Of course even in England a painter was here and there to be found who could really paint as well as imagine pictures. Rossetti, whose pictures, despite their glaring technical defects, had each one of them more poetic imagination than could be found in a roomful of academic masterpieces; Watts, who, one must not forget, was at the plenitude of those superb powers which bring him into worldly competition with the great masters of the past, at the very period when English art was at its lowest ebb.

These and other individualities there were, but I want to insist upon the fact that just because they were individualities and the founders of no schools of their own, England had fallen far behind in the race for artistic pre-eminence. Only one worthy attempt had been made to found what may be called a school, and it is remarkable, in view of the earnest devotion of some of its members, how slight an impress was made upon their time by the Preraphaelite brotherhood. It is half a century ago since they linked themselves together, and yet it is only in our own day that their most faithful lingering adherent, Burne-Jones, has secured public recognition. The greatest of them all, in the person of Sir John Millais, fell away from

the grace of their professions very early in the day, and was seduced by popularity and the Royal Academy in combination into an almost entire abandonment of his early faith.

Apart from this, we have had in England until the last decade no genuine art movement which has affected more than a mere handful of students. It was from across the Channel that the Perseus, who was to deliver English art from the fettering chains of fell tradition which bound her Andromeda-like to the barren rocks of conventionality, was to wing his flight to our aid.

Until our students began to flock in increasing numbers some thirty years ago to the ateliers of Paris, no united movement toward light and knowledge had been made. Here and there some individual influences may have been exerted, but even these had been of a shadowy nature, and had often sprung not from our own race but from foreigners domiciled among us. It was Alma Tadema, a Dutchman, for instance, who freed us from what has been happily termed "the banality of composition," that unnatural grouping of the figures of a picture with slavish regard to the boundary lines of the frame. It was Whistler, an American, who taught us, among other important lessons, the necessity of the effacement of details and the accentuation of the main thematic feature of a picture.

But the larger and broader changes have been brought about by French teaching, teaching which in many cases has been bettered by those instructed, but which nevertheless had its initiation in the city of Corot and Millet, of Degas and Monet.

The influence exerted by Paris is of a dual nature. First was that of the school which has been nick-



THE QUARRY TEAM.

—By S. A. Forbes.

named that of the "Pleine Airists," and second that of the Impressionists. That there is more hope for English art to-day, that among the younger men there are many for whom an enduring reputation may safely be predicted, is due to the fact that a school or schools in place of an individual or individuals forms the guide of the younger painters of our generation.

Names such as those of the late Edwin Long, R.A., or the present W. P. Frith, R.A., are rapidly assuming an interest that is merely historic, while however much we may differ as to our regard of the true principles of artistic achievement from such renowned personages as Sir Frederic Leighton, P.R.A., Sir John Millais, R.A., and Mr. Edward J. Poynter, R.A., we can at least accord to them a full measure of respectful admiration, and this not merely for what they might have been under other conditions, but for what they actually are under their own.

In the first name English art has a worthy and a dignified official head. A scholar as well as an artist, though he has condescended to an irritatingly mechanical perfection of finish and redundancy of insignificant detail, he has often expressed many beautiful ideas with unexceptionable taste, such as the "Fatidica," the "Daphnephoria," and "The Music Lesson."

To Sir John Millais I have already referred, and would fain linger over that unique study of artistic temperament which would set itself to trace his æsthetic and psychological contrarieties. These it is which have made of the poet-painter of the "Isabella" or the "Christ in the House of His Parents" of the early fifties, the producer of such middle-class triumphs as the "Cherry Ripe" or the "Bubbles" of the nineties.

Many as are the artistic sins which are to be laid to the charge of the last half-century, we can forgive them all when we reflect

that it has given us Mr. Watts, who will probably in years to come be looked upon as the *great* painter of our generation. Out of accord as the didacticism which underlies so much of his work may be with our present æsthetic notions, it is yet good for us to remember that Mr. Watts has always borne in mind that he is a painter first, and a preacher only in a subordinate degree. The magnitude of his output has only been equalled by its marvellously consistent quality.

Mr. Watts has held himself above prettiness, triviality, and

mere popularity; and his reward, greater than those ephemeral titles and honours which he has more than once declined to accept, is that every year has seen his reputation burn with a clearer and still further-reaching light, and that whenever artists are gathered together his name is spoken with reverence and esteem. His "Love and Death," "Love and Life," "Fata Morgana," and "The Three Goddesses," are evidences of the inexhaustible fertility of imagination, the loftiness of conception, and the glorious sense of colour.

## THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.



THE recent disaster in the island of Martinique has called the attention of the world to the almost forgotten fact that it was the birthplace and early home of the Empress Josephine, wife of Napoleon Bonaparte.

In an old sugar-house, temporarily used as a dwelling, in the island of Martinique, says a recent writer, a babe named Josephine Tascher was born. The little girl grew up amid the bowers and flowers of this tiny garden of Eden, and had a love of nature which not even the future glittering pomp of royalty could extinguish. She had her day-dreams, too, for while she was in her early "teens" a fortune-teller promised her marriage with a great soldier, and foretold that she would wear a crown. The fortune-teller was afterward very proud of her accuracy in this one prediction, and wrote a book boasting of it, but as she was in the habit of promising brilliant marriages, fortunes and crowns indiscriminately to her patrons, she does not seem particularly entitled to credit

for one success, in view of her host of failures. The girl at eighteen married a viscount, but suffered from his profligacy and finally separated from him, and turned from Paris to the solitude of the little, far-away island where she was born. Later she returned to Paris, and, as is well known, became the wife of the great Napoleon. But after all the pomp and glory of Napoleon's court, in which she was empress, had been drunk to the dregs, and she was a divorced woman, she longed again for the little, lonely, wooded, far-away island where she was born, that there, amid the voices of nature, she might sink into her long sleep. This wish was denied. She is buried in France. Martinique has her statue, but not her tomb. Thus is it with the glory of the world.

The character of this singularly unfortunate woman, whose life abounded in the most extraordinary vicissitudes, has been well sketched as follows by Miss Carrie J. Hill:

Josephine was a greater character than Napoleon in the elements of moral grandeur. She ruled the hearts of the people, while he ruled by the unrivalled splendour of genius. Rising out

of poverty to the glory of a throne, familiar with all the vicissitudes of fortune, her history is invested with a romantic interest.

Born in the picturesque ocean island, Martinique, she passed her childhood in the midst of nature's grander manifestations. The solemn ocean spread at her feet, amid birds and flowers the exuberance of her spirits breathed out beneath the richly coloured sky that seemed to smile back in her joyous face. She had a passion for music, and would wander away to the seashore or a forest solitude, and like a wild bird pour out her melodies on the air.

We follow her next to the marriage altar. She accompanies her husband, Beauharnais, to Paris, is presented at Court, flattered by the nobility, and introduced to the gay scenes crowding the brilliant circles of the capital city. Josephine adorned every circle in which she moved; the very impersonation of all loveliness, her genius equal to her charms.

Very swiftly turns the wheel of fortune. After the lapse of a few happy years the love of the husband grows cold, and Josephine is deserted. She returns to the sea-girdled home, and while she watches the sunlit tide laying its undulations in foam at her feet, and listens to the ceaseless sobbing of the sea, her mind is led to the contemplation of the vast realities of the life to come; from the fleeting changeful scenes of time to the abiding, constant joys of heaven. She was reduced to such straits, that, as she afterwards declared to the ladies of her court, who were admiring her unrivalled collection of jewels, "The gift of a pair of old shoes afforded me at that time greater satisfaction than all these diamonds ever did."

After a time the husband is reconciled, but soon another bitter cup is pressed to her lips. In the

midst of the nation's throes, Beauharnais is arrested for his republican principles, and in quick succession follow Josephine's imprisonment and Beauharnais' execution. Some of the loveliest traits of this beautiful character were exhibited during these dark days. Her prison was distinguished for its hecatomb of eight thousand slain during the Reign of Terror. We can scarcely appreciate the heroism that sustained this fair victim, separated from all she loved, her husband and children at the mercy of excited enemies; she pacing a dungeon floor humid with human blood, listening to the summons to prepare for the guillotine. Ah, the vicissitudes of fortune! To-day a dismal, gory cell, to-morrow a dazzling throne.

We next see Josephine the wife of Bonaparte; then empress of the French. While moving amid the splendours of her exaltation, she is invested with the same simple, unaffected, charming grace that she bore in humble stations. The habitual expression of her face was a placid sweetness, whose influence there were few who could resist. The perfect modulation of her voice constituted one of her most charming attractions, and rendered her conversation the most captivating that can be conceived. Her self-possession as empress never forsook her. With equal dignity she receives kings and princes, and ministers to the wants of unfortunate ones. The same symmetrical character, in prison or in the temple of coronation, listening to the acclamations of a nation or to the story of affliction in a peasant's hovel. Josephine's fine social qualities, brilliant accomplishments, and wise judgment contributed largely to Napoleon's advancement.

Now comes the most terrible experience of this chequered career. Josephine loved Bona-

parte to adoration. Her heart clung to him as the vine clings to the sturdy oak, and when her fidelity was doubted, or her love unreturned, she drooped like a smitten flower. From political motives Napoleon determined to put away his true and faithful wife, and ally himself with the reigning house of Austria. A vague rumour of this floated to the palace; Josephine sought to hide the sorrow that was breaking her heart. She had a smile and a kind word for every one. Her favourite swan received its accustomed visits. Her pet gazelle was never denied a fond caress. With heroic fortitude she moved forward through the ever-deepening darkness that overshadowed her pathway. At length the storm burst upon her head. When Napoleon announced his decision to her she sank upon the floor in a swoon, overcome with the weight of her grief.

History hardly shows an example of greater self-denying devotion than the empress exhibited during this trying ordeal. While she was bowed like a reed before the tempest, she murmured not. She still loved with a devotion that knew no bounds the one who had broken her heart. The most flagrant of Napoleon's many acts of gross injustice was the putting away of Josephine, and from this time forth his star declined, until it set in the darkness of exile. Josephine's heart beat true to the last. When he was forsaken by all, she longed to fly to him and beguile his lonely hours. Everywhere we see the same magnanimous spirit, spotless virtue, gentleness, and fidelity. The most conspicuous and lovely traits in this character are deep sympathy with the suffering and joy in doing good.

We recognize Napoleon's matchless genius, the measured tread of

whose martial columns shook thrones and kingdoms; the man who pre-eminently stood upon the pinnacle of worldly power and glory, yet inseparably associated with the thought of perverted power. But the memory of good Josephine is for ever embalmed in the hearts of all who love the good and true and beautiful.

We look at the subject of this sketch through an intervening century of advancement in enlightenment and morals. She lived without the elevating influence of morality in its highest form, surrounded by society hollow in principle and deceptive in action, yet she was almost an ideal character. Do we, with our broader view and clearer light, measure up to her standard of excellence?

Circumstances open to us new fields of activity, but brains and will-power make us ready to fill the large places when open to us; so it is what is in us that really shapes our destinies. We weave our own crowns. Heaven lies within us, if anywhere. It is the unseen and spiritual in us that determines the outward and actual. The heroine of our sketch was the same queenly, loving being in prison as on the throne.

The poorest, narrowest, meanest life has in it a depth of desire, an intensity, sometimes a madness, of yearning and longing after true greatness. These aspirations are heaven-born, and God waits to impart true nobility of character. Our outward life may not be what we desire, but let us remember that God takes infinitely more pains with you and me than the artist with his painting, by many colours of circumstance, to bring us into the form which is noblest and most perfect in his sight.—Michigan Christian Advocate.

## EVE'S PLEA.

BY JEAN BANNATYNE.

Here at Thy footstool do I kneel and pray  
That it might please Thee, Lord, to take away  
A part, at least, of that great curse which fell  
Through me on all that here below do dwell.

Consider, Father, if Thou canst and wilt,  
My youth, my ignorance, and no desire for guilt;  
When, like a child, on that bewailed day  
Aimless I wandered—and was led astray.

No strength had I the tempter's wiles to oppose,  
When, at his words, before me there arose  
Visions of greatness, power at my command,  
With Adam by to lend a guiding hand.

No wisdom had I then to see or know,  
What misery through it all should bud and grow;  
On my poor kind, what loads of care and grief,  
With none to pity—naught to bring relief.

How each must hate me for the woes I brought,  
Which, but for me, would ne'er have been their lot  
To suffer; all the weights of toil and pain  
Which make life seem a burden borne in vain.

Oh! hear me, Father, at Thy feet I kneel;  
Grant me this mercy—hearken my appeal;  
That they who through my sin have suffered so,  
Might hail me now, a lightener of their woe.

*The Answer.*

Daughter, thy prayers and cries have reached Mine ears,  
And I would bid thee dry thy flowing tears;  
For though thou chose to sin and disobey,  
It shall not be that at the Judgment Day

On thee shall fall the weight of all the woe  
Which has been brought to mankind there below;  
For much—yea, much—of all the bitter grief  
Has come through man's own wrongs and unbelief.

To each was given the freedom of the will,  
And competence to choose 'twixt good and ill;  
But foolishly they yield to Satan's sway,  
And miss the blessings which would come their way

By walking in the light which I have given,  
To lead them in the way to peace and heaven.  
Deceived they are by him, the Evil One,  
Who hopes to win them all through what they've done.

But though he seem to triumph for a space,  
He shall not ruin all the human race;  
For mind thee, child, by Me it hath been said—  
"The woman's Seed shall bruise the serpent's head."

And Him, the Seed, I sent to earth to show  
How man might be redeemed from all his woe,  
And be brought back, e'en from the yawning grave,  
By laying hold on One who mighty is to save.

## WIDOW TRUSTMORE'S MEMORY ROOM.

BY THE REV. JOHN V. SMITH, D.D.

Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,  
To view the fairy haunts of long-lost hours.

—Rogers.



**I**T was a down-town street, from which the well-to-do had moved away to the more airy and stylish avenues. The houses looked the worse for wear. Many of them were "sore pierced by wintry winds," showing but too clearly that they were the haunts of cheerless poverty. Stopping in front of No. 72, I inquired for Widow Trustmore, and was directed to a rickety stairway, and after climbing the same, my instructions were to turn to the left, knock at the second door, and there I would meet with the object of my visit.

Following the directions indicated, and knocking at the aforesaid door, a feeble voice from within bade me enter. Sitting in a creaking old chair, with a copy of the New Testament, with which was bound the Psalms, both in very large type, resting on her lap, was the suggestive attitude in which I found Widow Trustmore. Holding out her thin white hand, and giving me a warm welcome, with a sadly sweet smile, she said :

"My sight is nearly gone, but I have been trying by the light of the setting sun to read a few verses from this dear old Book, which has been such a comfort to me for so many years. Here I am, with no one to speak to, except some kind friend drops in to talk with me for a little while."

As I looked round the scantily-furnished room, two or three things caught my attention. The first was an old "sampler," neatly framed, hanging against the wall. It represented a lad leaving a low-thatched country home—one of those typical peasant homes in the old lands across the sea. At the door of the cottage stand the aged parents, looking wistfully after the retreating form of the boy of their fondest hopes and holiest prayers. While underneath, in capital letters, is the precept : "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths." Around this was the usual border of the meander pattern, all of which showed the hand of the amateur.

Seeing my eyes turned in that direction, she said, "That old sampler always reminds me of my bright, girlish days, spent among the beautiful valleys of Cumberland. I was only a small lassie when I began that task, the days grew into weeks, and the weeks into months before the work was complete. I often look at it now and think of the time when, like the laddie yonder, I left the dear old home to try and improve my condition in Canada."

"So you have been here since early in your teens?" I ventured to say.

"Yes, it's more than sixty years since I first set foot on this western continent. O, it was a wild, dreary land in those days! But God has been good. He has kept His promise, for as truly as I have committed my ways to Him He has directed my steps, and now, I can almost see the end of the journey."

"You know the old adage, 'All's well that ends well'? that's the outlook I have to-day. Sitting here among the shadows I often sing :

'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,  
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home,  
We'll praise Him for all that is past,  
And trust Him for all that's to come.'

As these beautiful lines fell from her trembling lips I could see that she was already standing on the Delectable Mountains, and could see the goodly inheritance awaiting her.

The other thing that arrested my attention was the portrait of a man, evidently about threescore-and-three. The face wore a thoughtful and candid expression, and yet soulful and kindly.

"That's Thomas," she said. "A better husband no woman ever had—industrious, affectionate, and true. For nearly forty years our lives were like one sweet song. Of course, we had our trials, some of them were very dark. Five times during these two-score years it pleased the good Father to send us love-letters in envelopes of mourning."

"It was hard to see our children laid away just as they were giving promise of useful lives, but God knows best.

Yes, and He does the best, for I expect some day to know the full meaning of what we sometimes sing, 'My Jesus hath done all things well.'

"Yes, sister," I said, "you are right, and your expectation shall not be cut off, for—

'God is His own Interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.'

Turning to the book she was reading, with wondrous sweetness the words fell from her lips, "O, how I love thy law; it is my meditation all the day. Seven times a day do I praise thee, because of thy righteous judgments. My soul hath kept thy testimonies, and I love them exceedingly."

"Which Psalm do you like best?" I asked.

"They are all good," she replied, "but the last verse of the 119th Psalm always carries me back to my old favourite, the 23rd Psalm. You may not have noticed the connection," she said; "but see how close it is, 'I have gone astray like a lost sheep. Seek thy servant;' then see how beautifully the rest follows, 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.'"

I had not seen the connection just in that light before, and was impressed with the care and earnestness with which she had searched the oracles divine.

"I wonder," she observed in a somewhat meditative way, "how David came to write this 23rd Psalm? I don't know what the scholars and the wise men have said about it, but I have often thought that David must have had in his palace in Jerusalem a beautiful chamber, which he called Memory Room, and when the deep furrows came out on his brow, and his raven locks were turned to silver, I have an idea he spent much of his time in that room, thinking of the days when, free from all the cares and sorrows of kingship, he roamed amid the pastures and hillsides of Bethlehem watching his father's sheep. As he sat in that sacred room, hour after hour, I imagine that in thought, at least, he was far more the shepherd boy of Jesse than the crowned monarch of his people.

"You may call it a fancy or a notion, or anything you like, but it grows on me through my own experience as I walk down the other side of the hill. I don't live in a palace like David, but I have my Memory Room, and a beautiful apartment it is, too. This little room where I'm sit-

ting is one thing, but the room where I live is another. This room, as you see, is very small, and cannot boast of many comforts; however, it is large enough for this poor, decrepit tabernacle of clay, but my Memory Room is large and full of charming things. Let me tell you some things I see in it:

"There is the River Tyne stretching down the valley like a silver thread, its clear, transparent waters babbling, murmuring, and singing as they flow over the stones and boulders which strew the bed of the river. On its banks on either side I see bright green fields, where the cowslips and daisies grow, where the meadow-lark builds his humble nest, and sings his cheery song. Flocks of sheep and herds of cattle are feeding in the fine rich herbage which nature has so bountifully provided for them.

"I see the beautiful country homes so full of contentment and peace. Homes where the playmates of my childhood and the companions of youth used to live. I see the old market town standing on the steep hillside, with its narrow and winding streets. Yonder is the quaint market cross, where John Wesley preached, and where the children have played from generation to generation. There is the dear old school, where we learned all about the three 'R's,' and a good many other things, and the master's face, bright, intellectual, manly—long since laid 'neath the greensward. But I hope to see it again, where we shall learn more than we ever dreamed of here.

"I see the steep hill down which we used to slide, and the long, narrow lane leading out to the 'poor-house,' surrounded by high walls—how little we knew of the pathetic life within. Yonder, on a back street, is the old Wesleyan chapel—a big, square, dingy-looking structure—more like a warehouse than a place of worship. But what shouts of gladness and victory have been heard within its walls; the dingy, square box of a pulpit, the old harmonium, and the singing pews; they are all with me still, and the prayers, the sermons, and the songs, I hear them every day.

"I see the footpaths and the stiles, and the little rivulets, where the foxgloves and the primroses grew. I see the old foot-bridges crossing the river, where, as children, we used to loiter and laugh till the sunset hour, and around all this I see the high hills covered with blooming heather, where

the wild grouse has his home, and which we often used to climb to drink in the larger beauty of these charming valleys. But I must stop, for if I were to try to describe half of what I see, it would seriously interfere with the number of your pastoral visits.

"Now, all this leads me to think that David wrote this 23rd Psalm because, long years after he became a king, his thoughts began to fly back to the pastoral scenes of his early life, from which he learned the great comforting truth that God was his shepherd."

A sweet, tender pathos seemed to tremble in the tones of the dear old saint as she looked into my face and said, "David's Shepherd is mine, 'I shall not want.' David was a good shepherd, and he knew it. He cared for all his Father's sheep. But David's Shepherd is the Good Shepherd, true and tender, watchful and strong, a very present help in time of need. David fought the lions and the bears which were seeking to destroy the sheep, and in doing so what a hero he proved himself to be!

"But David's Shepherd—what heroism we see in Him! What a kingly man He must have been, when even the wild beasts of the desert never attempted to dispute His authority! But better than all that, I know what He has done for me. When the enemy like a flood sought to overwhelm me, He lifted up a standard against him; and that standard always meant defeat for the enemy, and deliverance for me. Life is a great struggle, but, thanks be unto God, it may always be a great victory. He who is with us is more than all that can be against us."

"That is an inspiring thought," I said, "it's more than half the battle to know that we are on the winning side. Whatever doubts and fears some may have, we know which way the battle is going."

"Know!" she said, "why, there is not a cloud of doubt the size of a man's hand in the heavens above me.

"My hope is full, O glorious hope  
Of immortality.

"Do you know," she said, "I often thank God for Charles Wesley. He has helped me to get better acquainted with the Good Shepherd than I think I would have been without him. You have no idea what a comfort it has been to me, as I sit here all alone, to have that good man come and sing to me:

"Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine,  
The joy and desire of my heart,  
For closer communion I pine,  
I long to reside where Thou art;  
The pasture I languish to find,  
Where all who their Shepherd obey  
Are fed, on Thy bosom reclined,  
And screened from the heat of the day.

"I was telling you of the room in which I lived. I remember when but a little girl in the old home across the sea, with father and mother sitting by the fireside, after the day's work was over, singing that sweet hymn, it used to be a strange wonder to me as to what it all meant. They looked so peaceful and happy while they sang. I can see their beaming faces now; and I remember how softly, and with what tenderness and expression, they would sing the last stanza:

"'Tis there, with the lambs of Thy flock,  
There only, I covet to rest,  
To lie at the foot of the rock,  
Or rise to be hid in Thy breast;  
'Tis there I would always abide,  
And never a moment depart;  
Concealed in the cleft of Thy side,  
Eternally held in Thy heart."

Then looking steadily at me with the light of a great hope beaming in her eyes, she said, "I know all about it now. The swift-flying years have come and gone, and the friends of my youth are no more, but 'Thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'"

Then, as we sat there, in the stillness of that quiet summer evening, with a sweet, trembling voice, she began to sing:

"Even down to old age, all My people shall  
prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love,  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples  
adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom  
be borne."

I felt as if I would like to have joined in the song, but there was something so hallowed and seraphic in its cadence, it sounded like a refrain which has just dropped from the gates of heaven. As the notes died away in the silence, my eyes were dimmed with tears, and I mentally said:

"What a precious reality the Saviour is to them that love Him!"

For a few moments the silence was unbroken. I felt as if that little room was the very ante-chamber of heaven.

"I'm expecting to hear from home in a little while," were the significant words which fell from the lips of

Widow Trustmore. "I'm daily on the lookout for the messenger to call me hence; for some time I've been all packed up and ready to depart. I think a good deal about the place I'm going to, but I get perplexed and confused in my conceptions as to what it will be like, and very likely it will be quite different from a good deal I have thought about it. I understand you were born and brought up in my native country," she said.

"Yes, I am a Cumbrian of the Cumbrians," I rejoined, "almost as proud of my border country as a Pharisee of his birth. The land of the Lake Poets is worthy of the warmest meed of praise."

"I like you none the worse for that," she said. "And being a border man you will appreciate the cannie Scotch dialect."

"Yes," I replied, "no form of speech that I know of appeals so closely and tenderly to the heart as the sweet, plaintive dialect of the north."

"I have referred to this," she said, "because there is a beautiful and touching song written in that dialect which I never tire in hearing. It is called, 'My Ain Countrie'; the third and fourth stanzas in the song are very dear to me; they sound like an echo of my heart's trust and hope:

"Sae little noo I ken, o' yon blessed, bonnie place,  
I only ken it's Hame, whaur we shall see  
His face;  
It wad surely be eneuch for ever mair to be  
In the glory o' His presence, in oor ain countrie.  
Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,  
I will soon be gangin' hame unto my Saviour's breast.  
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,  
An' carries them Himsel' to His ain countrie.

"He is faithfu' that hath promised an'  
He'll surely come again,  
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hoor  
I dinna ken;  
But He bids me still to wait, and ready aye to be,  
To gang at any moment to my ain countrie.  
Sae I'm watching aye an' singin' o' my hame as I wait.  
For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate;  
God gie his grace to ilka ane wha listens noo to me  
That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie."

"Amen! and men!" was the most fitting response I could make to those sweetly touching stanzas she had repeated with almost startling purity of accent.

"Ganging hame!" that seems to be the beginning and end of my programme now," she said, "and I bless God I've a good hame to gang to. I am glad you came to see me. It has done me good to run back to the days when I was young, and to look forward to the time when I shall be young again, and young for ever. Before you leave, I want you to read my favourite passage. You will find it in the Revelation, seventh chapter, and the last five verses."

So I read: "And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?"

"And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest; and he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

"Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

"For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

For a few moments our hearts went up to God in thanksgiving rather than in prayer. As I rose to leave, she placed her thin, wasted fingers in my hand, and sweetly said:

"God bless you. Only 'a little while,' and I shall know what it all means."

"You are wanted immediately at No. 72 S—— Street," was the urgent message I received only five days after the above-mentioned visit. Laying all other engagements aside, I hurried to what I knew would be a chamber "quite on the verge of heaven."

"Almost home," were the first words with which Widow Trustmore greeted me as I came and stood by the bed on which she lay. "'My cup runneth over, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.' Before I go hence, I would like to hear another song. Will you sing something to me full of gladness and joyful expectation?"

So, amid the solemn hush of that little room, the nurse, who was a Christian woman, joined with me in singing :

" Away with our sorrow and fear !  
We soon shall recover our home ;  
The city of saints shall appear,  
The day of eternity come :  
From earth we shall quickly remove,  
And mount to our native abode,  
The house of our Father above,  
The palace of angels and God."

After singing very softly another stanza, it was evident the end was at hand ; a strange joy—the joy of a

realized hope—broke over her countenance. Looking beyond earthly horizons, she whispered :

" I can hear the trumpeters on the other side of the river."

Raising her right hand in token of final triumph, her last words, sweet as song of the dying swan, fell on our ears, " I'm rising !—rising !—rising ! into the life of God." Gently the hand fell back upon her breast, and another pilgrim passed safely across the river,

" To rest for ever after earthly strife  
In the calm light of everlasting life."

## GOING TO CONFERENCE.\*

BY THE REV. S. HORTON.



ATTIE! Mattie! What dost ta think? I've been elected to go to the Conference. Didst ta ever know of such thing in thy life?" These were the words with which Thomas Wedgewood burst in upon his wife, one beautiful evening in May, just as she was driving the one cow, which was their most precious possession, into the shed.

"Hast ta, Tommy?" inquired his wife. "I'm glad."

"Aye, and more than that, old woman. I was carried by a large majority over the heads of the big men in the district meeting, and came in second on the list. It was most surprisin'. And me that's never been to a district meetin' before; I cannot understand it at all."

"Well, thou must not get ower lifted up about it," said his wife, "or may be thou'll fall ill wi' the influenzay again, and will not be able to go. Thou must keep humble, thou knows."

\* Methodism, thank God, in the Old World and the New, has won its greatest numbers, and some of its noblest men and women, among the lowly. God forbid that it should ever be dependent upon rich men or ashamed of poor men. We have pleasure in reprinting from *The Primitive Methodist Magazine* the accompanying sketch, whose quaint humour, though it describes conditions not so familiar in Canada as in the Old Land, nevertheless, will, we are sure, be appreciated by our readers.—ED.

It's a great honour, doubtless, an' thou must try to be worthy of it."

"That I will, lass; but one cannot help feeling a bit lifted up about it. I hardly slept a wink last neet in thinking on it. I knew that you would be glad. Most of the delegates have gone off excursioning to-day, and they badly wanted me to go with them, but I says, 'No, I mun off home and tell our Mattie that I'm going to the Conference.' I can hardly believe it myself yet."

"How did it happen?" asked Mattie, who by this time had placed a stool by the side of the cow, and sticking her head in its flank, commenced to squirt the warm, rich milk into a pail.

"Why," he said, "it is difficult to say. Thou knows how I felt when the quarterly meeting elected me to go to the district meeting to represent the circuit. I told the brethren that I was much obliged to them, but I was not the right man, and that I should be as much out of place as a sparrow in a cage of linnets. But they would not be said nay, and against my will I yielded. But if anybody had told me that I should ever entertain the idea of going to the Conference I should have thought he had gone mad. But it appears to me that these kind of things are pretty much like money, the more you have the more you can do with it."

"Well, lass, I never dreamed about such a thing as being a delegate until one morning, just before we arrived

at the electing business, one of the men who sat in the same pew wi' me beckoned me into the vestry. And when he had got me inside he carefully shut the door, and said, in a confidential kind of way, 'If you will vote for me I'll vote for you.' 'What dost ta mean?' I says, for I could not yet see his drift. 'Why,' he says, 'for the Conference, you know. I want to go very badly. My wife's mother's sister has a cousin living in Nottingham, where the Conference is going to be held, and I'd like to see her very much.' 'Oh!' I says, 'now I've got your bearing.' Now, this chap had spoken on every question that had been before the district meeting, until I felt inclined sometimes to pull his coat-tails, and tell him to give his tongue a rest and other folk a chance. It was 'Mr. President this,' and 'Mr. President that,' until everybody was wearied out.

"'Yes,' he says, 'you see, friend Wedgewood, it is this way. I've been twice before, and I'm afraid that will tell against me, as there is always a desire to send new men. Well, I don't say anything against that, but you know that a man who has been a time or two knows the ropes, and is better able to discharge the business of the Connexion. You see how it is even here, half of the brethren never speak at all.'

"'And a good job, too,' I said, 'for if they all talked as much as thee we should be here at Christmas time. But there is sense in sending men who know what to do, and how to do it.'

"'Ah!' he said, 'I'm glad you think that. In these matters we ought not so much to consider ourselves as the good of the Connexion as a whole.' 'That's right,' says I, 'and because I consider the good of the Connexion, I don't want to go. Besides, my wife has not got any distant relations at Nottingham that I am aware on.' 'Oh!' but he says, 'that is no reason why you should not stand. I'll vote for you, and you vote for me. You know the Scripture says one good turn deserves another.' 'No,' I replied, 'I am not aware on't; that is a text which is left out of my Bible. But I remember one which reads, "In honour preferring one another."' 'Certainly,' he says, 'that is so; you prefer me and I prefer you.' 'No,' I told him, 'I'll have no truck in such doings. I want no vote, and if I did

I wouldn't go making bargains of this sort to get it. I think both you and I, my friend, will best help the Conference by stopping at home; you, becaas you cannot hold your tongue, and I becaas I should not say a word if I went. I should be of no use, and you would be a nuisance.'

"Well, he went out like a snuffed candle, and I thought I had done with the business. But when nominations were called for, somebody nominated me first of all, and I refused. The brethren begged I would stand, but I would not listen to it, and withdrew. But when they had nominated all they thought suitable they found that they wanted one more to make up the reet number of vices. Thou won't know what tha' means, Mattie, but it's this way. There are seven that go, but they have seven others in readiness, if any of the first seven should dee, or be badly when the Conference comes on. Well, by this time my blood had got warmed a bit, and I had a kind of hankering that I would like to see what a Conference was like, after all; and when the chairman said I ought to let my name stand, I consented. And when the votes were counted I stood second."

"And did the other man get elected?" asked Mattie.

"Nay, he dropped out in the first round of voting. He came after it was over and shook hands, and said, 'How glad he was that I was going,' but he looked mighty glum, poor chap. I thanked him and told him if he had anything to send to his wife's mother's sister's cousin I wad take it an' welcome. The Conference has had a great deliverance in my opinion."

"Well, thou had better go in and get thy supper. Thou will find it warm on the hob. Thou'll be tired, I have no doubt."

"Aye, that I am. I never thowt that sitting doing nowt but listening was sich weary work. I'd rather plough a two-acre field than sit all day doing the business of a district meetin'. You know you have to pay attention to what is going on or you don't know how to vote. My head is as full of motions and amendments as thy cushion is of needles."

"I couldn't do wi' it," said Mattie. "I should fall asleep, I am sure I should."

"Well, I'll not say but what I got a nap, once or twice myself, after din-

ner, but I just put my hand over my face and got forty winks, and nobody was any the wiser. But I got some peppermints to suck, and I managed pretty well after the first day. I intend laying in a good stock before the Conference."

"I do not see what thou wants to go so badly for if it is so wearing. I think I would rather stop at home and look after the two pigs and cow."

"Well, you see, it's the honour on it. It ain't everybody that the district will send to represent it at the Conference, I can tell you."

In the five weeks or thereabouts that elapsed between the district meeting and the Conference, everything was done in the little farmstead in the light of its relationship to the coming ecclesiastical gathering. Work was hurried up by Thomas outside, because he would have to be from home for nearly a fortnight, an unprecedented event in his history, while Mattie inside laid aside the wonderful patchwork quilt upon which she had, with marvellous patience, been engaged for four years in order to make new shirts and knit stockings for Thomas, for she could not think of his going in anything that was not new. And the frugal little sum that she saved week by week from her butter, instead of finding its way on market-day into the savings bank, as was customary, was brought home and carefully stowed away in a broken-spouted tea-pot, under a heap of odds and ends, so that if a thief should break in some night he might never suspect where the treasure lay.

Thomas, she knew, had money of his own, but he was a bit loose-handed with it, and she would not like her man to go without being well provided in the matter of ready cash. "If you have money you always have a ready friend," she often said, and she wanted Tom to feel that he might spend without counting every sixpence. And so she was preparing a little surprise for him. She wanted to make her little hoard into three pounds, and then she would slip the three golden sovereigns into his pocket just before he started, and then he would wonder how he came by them. And Thomas ordered a copy of the "Consolidated Minutes" in order that he might read himself up in the rules and regulations, and pondered over it by the

light of the log fire at night with more persistency than profit.

And he and Mattie discussed for many an hour what he was to do, and how he was to act when he got there. "You must not eat wi' your knife, mind," said Mattie, "and you must be sure to wipe your feet well every time you go in. And you must not take the mustard and daub it all over your meat as you do at home, but cut a little meat off and dip it in. You see, I was in a gentleman's placing once, and I know how they do these things."

"All reet," said Thomas, "I'll manage well enough, lass. It's no use of me pretending to fine ways, or trying to make out that I know more than I do. I'll just tell them when I go that they must not expect too much from me, that I'm country bred and born, and I'm not ashamed of it, either."

But when he got his Conference Plan, and saw that he was to be entertained by a town councillor, who was also dubbed Esq., his confidence began to ooze out at his fingers' ends.

"I had hoped," he said, "they would have put me to stay with some poor body like myself. I have a very good mind not to go at all. I know that I shall feel as much out of place as a live eel in a frying-pan. Whatever led them to put me with a councillor I cannot tell. I think, Mattie, old woman, that you need not bother to finish them stockings. I'd rather stop at home than go and disgrace the Connexion."

"Oh!" replied Mattie, "they may not be such great folks after all! They make councillors of owt now-a-days. Why, Gilbert Jackson, who used to be our labourer, is made a councillor, I heard the other day."

"Aye, but that is but for the parish council. And Gilbert is a good man for the job, too. He has not had much eddication, like me, but he has a vast amount of common-sense, and that is the sense what is needed most. But this chap is a town councillor, and an Esq., in the bargain. He must be somethin' out of the ordinary run. I am fair flabbergasted. But one is not bound to go, that's one comfort."

"Well, Thomas," said his wife, "if it was right for you to think of going at all, it isn't right for you to think of giving up because you are put to lodge with a big man. Perhaps they

will let you take your meals with the servants, and then you will be all right. I think you should go."

"Well, if thou thinks so I will," answered Thomas, ruefully. "But I must say that Councillor and Esq. has taken all the pleasure away."

"Oh, he may be a nice man even though he is a councillor," said Mattie.

"Aye!" answered Thomas, doubtfully, "I know that often the handle is bigger than the frying-pan; and a very little rabbit may live in a very big hole. But, none the less, I would rather have been with a workingman, and have give him somethin' towards my keep."

"If there are any servants," said Mattie, "thou must remember to give them a tip when thou come away. Having been in gentleman's placing myself, I know that they expect it. And I'll tell what I'll do. I'll make a cream cheese, and thou can take it wi' thee as a bit of a present to the mistress. Even if they are uppish folks, they won't mind that."

And so the days wore on until the eventful morning came Thomas had to set out. He was compelled to start early, and he had passed a sleepless night. Most devoutly he wished now he had not consented to go. He wondered whether it was yet too late to withdraw. He could eat no breakfast.

"Don't be surprised to see me back to-morrow," he said, after kissing Mattie good-bye. He started to walk to the nearest railway station, four miles away, a good hour before he need have done. When he had got across three fields he heard somebody shouting. Looking round, he saw his wife posting after him in hot haste. Fearing something serious had happened, he began to walk back to meet her. When she breathlessly came alongside of him, she said, "Why, Thomas, you have forgotten to change your stockings. I found your new ones on the bed after you had gone. And one of those you have on has a great hole in the heel, I saw it last neet."

"Why, lass, thou shouldn't have troubled about that. I have a pair in my bag. Just give them to me and I'll put them on when I get there."

"Nonsense," she replied, "you'll be pulling your boots off before folks, and they'll wonder what sort of a wife you have at home to let you away with

a hole in your stocking you can put your fist through. If you have no more respect for yourself than that, I have. You sit down on that bank and change at once."

And so Thomas grumblingly sat on the moss-covered stump of a tree and put on his clean stockings.

"If I didn't look after you," said his wife, "I don't know what would become of you."

"That is what I married thee for," said Thomas. "But it's no crime that I know of to have a hole in one's stocking. It's nowt to have a fuss about, any way."

"That is the way with you," said his wife. "One might as well have half a dozen bairns to look after as thee. I am sure I'll be worrying all the time thou's away, for there's no telling what thou'll do when thou has not me to look after thee. Remember, that I have put a needle and cotton in thy bag if thou wants to stitch a button on, and thy comb and brush is inside thy nightshirt at the bottom. And mind thou wears thy new slippers indoors. And thou needn't tell the folks thou never wears them at home. They will be a bit tight at first, for I got them a size too small, but they will stretch. I thought they would make your feet look a bit smaller and more genteel like. And, Thomas, we've never been parted so long before, give—give me another kiss."

Just as Thomas, with characteristic heartiness, kissed his wife, a farmer's boy ploughing in the adjoining field looked over the hedge, and Mattie fled as if she had been a young maiden caught in the act of kissing her sweetheart. And Thomas, with a chuckle, went on his way.

At a junction, some distance along the line, he was joined by other delegates, and the journey passed pleasantly in song and story, and in discussing the possibilities of the Presidential election. When he arrived at his destination he heard some one inquiring for Mr. Wedgewood, and his worst fears were confirmed when a man in livery came and told him the "carriage" was waiting outside the station. His master would have met him himself but had an important meeting that afternoon. Thomas had never been in a carriage in his life, and a more woe-begone object it would have been difficult to find than he, as his heavy boots touched the soft rug at the bottom. His companions of the

journey smilingly bade him "good-bye" as he drove away, but he could not help thinking they were having some fun at his expense. That drive was always a nightmare for Thomas to look back upon. He would gladly at that moment have given every penny in his pocket to be back again in his old arm-chair at home.

But on he whirled, down one street after another, until at length the carriage turned through a gate and entered some private grounds. Then it stopped in front of a large mansion. A servant stood at the door to take his luggage and to show him to his room. Thomas followed speechless up the wide marble staircase, on either side of which hung great pictures such as he had never seen before. When he reached the top a lady met him. In trying afterwards to describe his experience to Mattie, or any of his friends, Thomas always made a pause here. "Well, what was she like?" his wife would ask. "Like! she was like nowt I had ever seen before. She was just beautiful, and that's all I can tell thee."

"And what did she say, Thomas?" they would ask.

"Why, she said I was welcome. And she put out her hand; it was as little as a baby's, only long and thin—to shake hands, and told me to make myself at home. She looked such a young thing that I thought she must be the daughter; so I said, 'Thank you, miss.' And then I found that I had made a mistake, for she blushed and said, 'She was Mrs. Branson.' 'Well,' I says, 'you must excuse me, miss—I mean ma'am—but you looked so young and pretty that I never thought you were married.'

"And she laughed and said, 'Not only she was married, but the mother of three children.' At which I was glad, for I thought I should get on better if there were bairns in the house. You see, folks that have bairns ain't so particular, as a rule, as those who have none, for children are wonderful creatures for making a place homely, and I never saw a bairn I could not get on wi' yet. 'Well,' I said, 'I was never so surprised in my life,' which was the fact. And

then she said, 'We are not Methodistists, you know. We are Congregationalists. But we love all who serve the Lord Jesus Christ.' That made me feel wonderfully relieved, and I never felt more proud of my religion than I did then. And then she said, 'Dinner would be ready in a few minutes, if I wished to dress she would delay till I was ready.' Well, that was a puzzle, for I had only my best suit wi' me, and if I had my working clothes I could not think of putting them on there. But it was thoughtful on her to try and save my Sunday blacks. So I told her I would not bother to change, but I'd be careful not to spill owt on my clothes, as Mattie had warned me, but I was none the less obliged to her. I would have a wash and brush up, then I should be ready.'

"An' then she smiled, and I tell ye, it was like a glint of sunshine to see her, and she told me when I heard the gong I was to go down-stairs. Well, I was just rubbing my face with a towel when I heard a knock at the door, when I shouts, 'Come in.' And in walked a tall, bearded man, with his hand outstretched, saying, 'How are you, old friend?' For a moment I was taken aback, and then it came to me all at once. Who do you think it was? Well, you never would guess! You remember a lad that used to come to our Sunday-school twenty years ago up at the little chapel there, nephew to old Martha Gledhill. He was the funniest little fellow I ever did see, and used to ask the queerest questions. Well, when his granny died he went away, and nobody knew what had become of him. His name was Charlie Branson, and he is now a town councillor, and likely to be mayor next year. And more than that, he told me that it was through me he was first led to the Lord Jesus. And when they asked him to take a delegate, and he found my name on the list, he would have nobody else.

"And before I left he promised us a big donation towards building a new chapel. And as for his wife, there isn't another woman in the world so pretty, and only one as good, and she lives at our house."

How far that little candle throws its beams,  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

—Shakespeare.

## AS A REFINER'S FIRE.

BY KATE ANDERSON.

## I.



IN a Western city a lady once advertised for a nurse. She chose from among the applicants a young girl who impressed her favourably by reason of a certain bearing of superiority in her staid and modest demeanour, while her fair and frank countenance argued a calm and constant character, not belied by an upward lift in a pair of dark-blue eyes, from which shone the light of truth and nobility.

She stated her name to be Alice Magee, and said she was an orphan, and before coming to the city to seek employment had lived with an aunt in a suburb of Montreal. She carried excellent letters of reference from her former pastor and Sunday-school teacher.

"Has your aunt died?" inquired Mrs. Becket, with a glance at Alice Magee's heavy mourning.

"No, madam, but I have just lost a little sister. She was ten years old, and was my charge ever since our mother died at her birth. I——"

The girl broke down, and Mrs. Becket hastened to say kindly, "There, my dear girl, I am so sorry, so very sorry."

Alice made an effort to recover herself, and replied, "She was all I had of my very own to care for. Auntie was good and kind to us both, and would not hear of us being parted when I got old enough to earn my own living. Millicent was crippled from babyhood, and—and taking care of her and teaching her made me think I was best fitted to care for other children."

"Just so, my dear. I am indeed pleased to find a person whom I feel I can trust with my children. Dorothy is a delicate, nervous child, and needs care, while I am positive my last nurse fed the baby soothing syrup. But have you not come a long way to find employment?"

Miss Magee flushed from her white neck to the roots of her gold hair.

"I—I heard the pay was good up here—and—the truth, my aunt and

I have disagreed. Please do not understand me to complain, nor that I consider her to blame in the stand she has taken. But you understand, I could not wish to stay dependent on her generosity, and at the same time go against her wishes."

"Ah," thought Mrs. Becket, "a beau, I'll wager—lives here, probably, too. Aunt disapproves, and my lady gets spunky. I'm afraid at this rate I won't keep her long, for she'll either marry her young man or be making it up with auntie one of these days."

Aloud, she said kindly, "I feel assured you must have done what appeared right, and I trust you and your aunt may yet make up your difference."

Mrs. Becket then settled with her about terms and her future duties. She noted that her applicant made rigid stipulations as to having certain hours and afternoons to herself.

"Why," said the lady, rather irritably, "you will have heaps of leisure to yourself, odd hours at all times, and all day when the children's grandmother comes up—and nearly every evening."

"But," persisted the girl, "I should rather have no odd hours at all, and only one afternoon every fortnight, or only two evenings in the week, and just know when they are to be."

Mr. Becket, who had entered the room during the discussion, now spoke up:

"I say, dear, the young woman is right. You know, I'm not in the habit of interfering in these things, but just here is an example of what I am always trying to point out to you concerning woman's lack of system in homes——"

"Well, what do you want?" interrupted the lady, anxious to cut short a familiar refrain.

"Would Thursday afternoon be convenient?"

"Let me see. No. Thursday is my receiving day, and I must have Lotta for the door-bell, and cook can never be coaxed into looking after the youngsters, but you may have every Tuesday and every other Friday afternoons."

Alice Magee received this decision in profound silence, but an expression of disappointment so sharp, almost of anguish, so keen, crossed her calm features that Mrs. Becket was fairly startled. So impressed was she that, awaking in the middle of that night, she found herself still haunted by Alice Magee's sad mouth and mirthless eyes. And as she actually caught herself devising plans to accommodate her nursemaid, she tossed over restlessly with the petulant reflection that the vexed domestic service problem was surely becoming a literal nightmare.

Alice more than justified the good impression she had made. Faithful and competent to the last degree, to these qualities were added the gravity and discretion of mature years.

At the close of the first month, as Mr. and Mrs. Becket were spending a quiet hour with their children, a knock came to the library door, and, on Dorothy opening it, Alice Magee requested leave to speak to her parents.

"Come in, Alice," spoke Mrs. Becket, cordially, while her husband, from whom her grave and gentle bearing always drew forth a kindly respect, offered her his own chair, which Alice (evidently in a fit of absent-mindedness) gracefully accepted, as a matter of course. Alice had occasional ways about her which drew half-curious attention from her employers and gossip comments from the other domestics, though from neither did she ever receive an unkind word or covert familiarity. So cold, self-contained, and unobtruding, yet never offensive, was her attitude towards the entire household, as to forbid even common human interest in her.

As was customary with her, Alice came straight to the object of her errand.

"I have spoken to the cook, Mrs. Becket, and she has very kindly consented, in return for sewing which I shall do for her, to mind the children every Thursday afternoon, provided you are willing."

"My dear Alice, you tell me you have won over that creature? Well, I could never do it. Certainly, I have no objection."

Instantly the girl's heretofore expressionless face was illuminated with a smile so dazzling as to half daze her beholders.

"Wally! Wally! tum baby," cried the baby.

"Thank you," spoke Alice, in a voice which could articulate no further sound, and with that light still on her calm brow, she reached out her arms and pressed the little one to her bosom, as if obeying a grateful impulse to hug something.

Mrs. Becket came to herself almost with a start. She had suddenly remembered this to be the very first smile she had ever observed on her handmaiden's gravely sweet features, which must account for this curious and lovely transformation.

"Now," said the lady archly, "aren't you going to tell me what is going to happen on Thursdays?"

Alice replied in her direct way, "Since you have been so good, dear Mrs. Becket, I must tell you that on Thursday afternoons I shall be enabled to meet a friend who is not free to see me at any other time."

"Mercy, what a conscientious mortal you are, Alice; I was only teasing you, and would not for a moment wish to put a guard on your movements."

"Nor for a moment," came the quick and earnest reply, "should I resent, even though not in jest, a question from one who has shown me such constant kindness."

"Would you resent my asking you a question, Miss Alice?" queried Mr. Becket.

"What is it, Mr. Becket?"

"Well, was Mr. Walter Magee, who died while in Ireland about five years ago, and who made his home in Westmount, which, I understand, is a suburb portion of Montreal, related to you?"

Again that carmine tint, which mounted so readily the girl's transparent skin.

"Yes"—then, after a distressed hesitation—"he was papa's brother, and it was with him and Aunt Nell Millicent and I always lived."

Mr. Becket chuckled.

"It is a pretty hard thing," he replied, "for us railroad fellows to avoid knowing a heap of people in all quarters, my dear young lady, and your uncle became our Belfast agent after he resigned the secretaryship on account of ill-health. As fine a gentleman and sterling a Christian as ever drew breath. Great pity he wasn't a Methodist. He would have made a better one than I."

Alice bowed her golden head, and great tears fell from her downcast eyes.

"May I ask," continued Mr. Becket, very kindly—"don't think I am prying—and I know girls do take all sorts of queer streaks nowadays—but what induced you to adopt the profession of nursemaid, Miss Magee? Tell me, for I am interested in the subject myself" (with a humorous glance at his wife) "was it some of these new ideas about reforming the status of domestic service, or anything of that sort?"

"No, Mr. Becket; although I have read and approved of these new ideas myself—indeed, I should never have had the courage to put these theories into practice had not necessity forced me into it. Although my aunt, who, of course you must know, is quite rich, and very generous besides—I being an orphan, and dependent on her bounty, naturally wished to fit myself to earn my own living, and dear auntie agreed with me, it being a theory of hers also, that every girl, no matter what her position, should be able to earn her own living if occasion required. So I received a thorough and solid education, having every advantage Montreal could offer.

"Then, after Milly died," continued Miss Magee, after a short pause, "I came to this city with the intention of taking a position as governess. But I did not succeed—it was the wrong time of the year, I suppose, and in the meantime I secured this situation."

Obviously there were missing links in the latter part of this recital, but the Becketts were gentlefolk, and neither felt nor showed further curiosity.

"Then," spoke Mrs. Becket, plaintively, "you intend to leave us, I suppose, directly the holidays are over. Dear me, and the baby in his second summer, and cutting those awful teeth, and little Bob just getting so nicely cured of—'Will yez now!'—like that last Irish nurse."

"Why, you forget I am half-Irish myself, Mrs. Becket," was the amused remark.

"I don't believe it, Miss O'Flaherty, so come to the dairyman's with us and have some ice cream."

The next morning Mrs. Becket proposed to Alice Magee that she un-

dertake the education of Dorothy and Bob.

"Dolly has been sick all her life, and the doctor never let us send her to school, and now she is too big a girl to send to a private kindergarten, and the teachers say Bob acts just awful. I don't see what can ever be done with that child! He says he hates the kindergarten, and that he won't sing little birdie songs. Such beautiful theories they have, too—child-culture, and all that, you know, Alice. And Miss Perry talks so sweetly to him when he is bad. But he does seem to like you."

"Bet I do. Will you give me 'samples to do, just like the big boys, Wally?"

"You must be very good, you know, Bobby love, if Alice teaches you sums."

"Bet I will—just like I am to you, muvver, an' uvver folks I have a 'especk for."

Alice gratefully accepted the lady's offer, only stipulating that she be allowed to continue her present duties until September, and offering to continue the care of baby, and general superintendence of the other children, with the assistance of a little nursemaid, an offer delightedly accepted by Mrs. Becket, who, however, protested (faintly but decently).

"But I am afraid your present position must be—er—trying—for even a short time, Miss Magee."

"No position could be trying with you for a mistress, dear Mrs. Becket," returned the girl, warmly.

Mrs. Becket looked sincerely pleased.

"Mr. Becket thinks I am unsystematic, and lack business-like methods in domestic matters; or, at least, he is always railing in a general way for these failings."

The following October brought a new inmate to the Becket household in the shape of Mrs. Becket's brother, a newly-fledged M.D., who had come to take a post-graduate course in the new bacteriological laboratories. He appeared to be much attached to his sister and her family, and his affection was warmly reciprocated. The Hamiltons were Kentuckians, and orphans.

And of Robert Hamilton's love-story I should like to dwell upon in this tale, though it is a long one to tell—a life-long love-story—an eter-

nity long, as, in fact, all true love-stories are.

At first, and for many weeks, young Hamilton was almost unaware of the presence in the house of the quiet young governess. After a time, being thrown more into her presence on the occasion of an illness among the children, his attention was merely drawn to what a very uninteresting personality (or rather lack of personality) was possessed by this otherwise truly excellent young person.

Then her staid manner and stilted speech half-amused, half-irritated him, and he set her down in his own mind for a sanctimonious young prig—something like "Ellen" in "The Wide, Wide World." Having arrived at this conclusion, he began to notice her for the type, there being nowadays so very few Ellens in girlhood.

Next he made the discovery that being truly pious, she could not, therefore, be sanctimonious, and being as modest as a daisy, she was therefore not a prig.

About this time it became borne into his heart that her sad young mouth was chiselled to perfection, and that in her large, blue, steadfast eyes shone the light of crystal truth—the perfect loveliness. Also, he learned to note how prettily rounded, yet exquisitely slender was her form—she scarcely reached medium height—to watch the poise of her head, the gold of her braids, the shape of hands and feet. And he made the curious discovery that it was as difficult to pick a flaw in her person as in her character.

Now these things about Alice being brought home to Dr. Hamilton in a graded series of observations, he awoke one day to find that for him existed no calm away from her quiet presence, no music but the sound of her infrequent speech, no bliss save in her rarer smile.

It being, therefore, as may be seen by the initiated, a case of desperate necessity with Robert Hamilton, he only waited to finish his year at the laboratories, and to instal himself in a promising city partnership before declaring his love.

Young Hamilton was ardent. He possessed good looks and unusual fascination, and his manly eloquence, humble and sincere, breathed a flattering tribute even to so good and lovely a girl as Alice Magee.

But Alpine snows would have

sooner melted, granite have crumbled, a wooden block have responded with more interest than did the object of young Hamilton's adoration to his impassioned avowals.

Dr. Hamilton returned to his office sore and angry, for although not a conceited man, he felt that her refusal had not been merely decisive, but had carried with it a note of ungraciousness, of unkindness. Her attitude indeed betokened an impatient lack of sympathy, or even ordinary interest, which he felt a more womanly woman might have evinced.

He now decided that Alice Magee's nature was cold, self-centred, and unwomanly, and he arose in the morning to find a gray world to face. He had never dreamt it was going to be like this. For three months he struggled with his great unhappiness, until the consciousness of his frail hold on life was forced upon him, and he mechanically yielded to his partner's entreaties to get out of the country. He decided upon a year in the European hospitals as the most economical and time-saving holiday.

His departure was delayed by illness in his sister's family—an attack of diphtheria among the children. The baby had the disease lightly, but with Dolly and Bob it was another story.

In the dark weeks which followed, after the little stilled limbs and graceful child-body of the brilliant and lovable little son had been carried to their tiny grave, and whilst the anguished mother hung over the little girl's cot until the crisis was past, and hope rose in the ascendant—throughout those agonized weeks, Robert learned that Alice could not be cold, for she was not shallow, though it seemed not to be for him to pierce the depths and stir the buried fires.

His sister, in her great bereavement, clung to him, and his brother-in-law implored, "Bob, don't leave us for a while."

So Robert stayed until after the new baby girl came, and then one night drew Alice aside and said, very humbly:

"Dear Alice, I have learned you have a heart. I love you still, as I must always do. Do you still refuse me your heart's keeping?"

A shade of annoyance passed across her face, and he hastened to add, "Tell me only this—is there—has there been—some one else?"

At last a sign of emotion. "Yes,

Dr. Hamilton," was the brief rejoinder, but a momentary softening of her austere young features, an unwonted glow in her quiet eyes, aroused a demon in her lover's breast. Who made her look like that? It was some moments before he could trust himself to speak.

"Miss Magee," he said, at last, "you guard your secret well, and I fear it is not a happy one, for you are never gay, you make no friends, and appear to form no interests outside of your daily round of faithful toil. Dear girl, if he be dead, can you not arouse from the abyss of grief which is stifling your very soul—and feel at your age that the world is still young? Or if it be a really hopeless estrangement, why give your youth a martyr to unhappiness?"—forgetting, poor fellow, he was giving his own. "Let a faithful heart, which asks nothing in return, teach you there are joys to live for and a world to rejoice in. Darling, you are tired out in heart and body. Say you will reconsider your decision, and I will wait a little longer, so that in a few weeks I may marry you and take you with me to England."

She started back, almost, as it seemed to him, in a sort of horror.

"Marry—another—leave the city—America! Oh, Doctor, forgive me! I have not been kind, but you are good, oh, so good, and I am only awakening to a sense of gratitude. I only ask you never to renew this subject. It is only kind to bid you dream no more of the impossible."

Chilled and bitterly disappointed, he left her side, and in three days sailed for Havre.

The night before leaving for New York, a knock came to his surgery door, and a moment later two sisterly arms were around his neck. So engrossed had his sister been with her awful bereavement, and again, with the advent of the little stranger, that the doctor had not resented, nor, indeed, scarcely noticed, her unwonted neglect of him.

"Why, Bess," returning the caress with interest, "sit down on my big chair—feeling stronger to-night, dear?"

"Bob, dear, sit down on that horrid little stool of yours, and put your head on my lap, the way you used to in the old days—don't you remember?"

The great, long-limbed young Ken-

tuckian sprawled obediently in the attitude recommended.

"Now, dear, I want to talk to you. First, I want to ask you whether long, long ago, when our mother died, and I was just eight years old, and you a tiny baby, didn't I love you, and didn't old Mammy and I take care of our precious and train him in the way he should go?"

"You bet!" was the brief but feeling rejoinder.

"And then"—the sweet voice with the soft southern accent breaking—"when you were thirteen, papa went, too, and I promised him I would still love you and be proud of you, and make a great and good man of you—such as even then I knew was in you to be, and what papa wanted to see you?"

"Yes, Bess, and an angel could not have done more for a fellow."

"Bob, listen to me. I have learned these weeks to know what suffering means. Yet even a silly, frivolous creature like me has found that life still has claims upon her. At last, my dear brother, have my wicked, blinded eyes been dimly opened to the pain of the world. I know now why that poor black laundress will not be consoled for the death of her little crippled child. I know there is a young girl in my household who never smiles, yet the world is better for her pure heart, for her faithful service. Our neighbour has lost wife, children, and fortune, yet the dear old man's very greeting carries a benediction to the smallest child on the street, and his Christian words to me this very morning will live with God's help in my future life. But I see you, my baby boy, my girlhood's pride, actually wasting away before my eyes, your great strength, your splendid gifts, because—well, you and I know why."

The doctor had quite broken down. He was not strong.

"Ah, Bess, Bess, what a pitiful, low-down, no-account your young hopeful has turned out. Never mind, sis, if my life is spared, let us hope you won't have any longer to be ashamed of your boy."

And with that she left him.

Perhaps Alice took a lesson from Mrs. Becket's book—perhaps it was, as she grew older, the outlines of her stern, sharp-set attitude to an untoward world softened. To extreme

youth sorrow comes sharply home, and unhappiness is no less than a heavy tragedy, while the simplest joys constitute an earthly elysium. Certain it was, that Alice became more and more acquainted with the Man of Sorrows, who was "acquainted with grief," and the inevitable result became more and more apparent in her daily walk and conversation.

Alice no longer shut herself up to her fellow-beings—she united herself with the Methodist Church that the Becketts attended, and took a mission class in the foreign quarter, where her thorough linguistic training stood her in good stead. As the months and years slipped by, the gentle, sunshiny little mother of the household became a confirmed invalid, and on Alice devolved much of the care of the home and upbringing of the chil-

dren, and the noble girl spared neither pains nor prayers in the latter's behalf. In Dorothy her influence was most marked, and the young girl, even before entering society, became known among her mother's acquaintance for her sweet and Christ-like character, not less than for her thorough accomplishments and unusual attractions.

Dr. Hamilton had returned after a two-years' sojourn abroad, covered (as his niece, Dorothy, remarked) "with fat and glory," and opened an office in the most fashionable quarter of the city. In a few years he stood at the head of the local profession, and was gathering in honours and shekels galore. The Doctor became noted for many other things beside bone-sawing, and his fame was of that goodly sort which held in many a poor widow's cottage and orphan's garret.

## Current Topics and Events.



HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT AT PRETORIA, TRANSVAAL.

### PEACE.

It was fitting that on God's Sabbath day of peace the glad tidings should ring throughout the wide Empire of the end of the weary war in South Africa. Devout thanksgiving in ten thousand churches was offered unto Him who maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth, who breaketh the

bow and cutteth the spear in sunder, who burneth the chariots in the fire. Glad Te Deums and Jubilates were sung, and never did our National Anthem rise with prouder feeling from the hearts of myriads of worshippers.

It is no time now to triumph over our brave foes. Britain seeks not their humiliation, but the safety of the

Empire, and guarantees of lasting peace. She will exercise the nobility of a Gospel revenge by conferring on the Boers larger liberty than they have ever known before. So far as the dread arbitrament of arms to which the Boers appealed would permit, throughout the war she fulfilled the injunction, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." Indeed, her very clemency has prolonged the war to her great cost. She has cared for the families of her foes in the field as none ever did before. This clemency has already had the benign result of converting thousands of her foes into friends, and its memory, with her justice and generosity to her many thousands of prisoners, will go far to healing the wounds created by the war.

There are those who have conscientiously opposed the war, and many more who have reviled Britain, not out of love to the Boers, but out of hatred to their suzerain. We have never questioned the righteousness of Britain's contention. She has but defended her loyal colonists whose territory was invaded and annexed by the Boers, who fomented strife and rebellion in a colony which had been Britain's for a hundred years, and where the Dutch enjoyed the same liberties as the British.

Let us imagine for a moment what would be the result had the Boers succeeded in their designs; if they had driven the British out of South Africa; if they had established from the Cape to the Zambesi a Dutch oligarchy as tyrannical as that which made the lives of the British in the Transvaal bitter by reason of their oppression, and treated the native tribes, whose land they had stolen, like very beasts of burden. What a set-back to civilization; what a deadly blow to that Empire which is the chief bulwark of liberty throughout the world! Thank God, that He has prevented such a calamity.

The men most to blame for this tragical war, which has indeed "staggered humanity," are not the brave men fighting in the field, but the crafty and truculent Kruiser, who uttered the prophecy, and Leyds, who, by his campaign of lies, sought to fulfil it. They traded on the ignorance and bigotry of the Boers, but, fed fat with ill-gotten gain, kept out of harm's way themselves. Misled, misguided by their blind leaders, the Boer republics drew

the sword and perished by the sword. Their deep-laid schemes, their well-planned plot to drive the British into the sea, have met the fate they deserved.

It remains now to build up beneath the protection of the red-cross flag, the symbol of law and order and liberty wherever it waves, a great South African confederacy that shall rival in peace, prosperity, and brotherhood the Commonwealth of Australia and the Dominion of Canada. Britain will generously restock the farms, restore the prisoners to their homes, in due time admit them to the franchise, and guarantee the native races the rights and liberties of man.

We hope that the war waged by the United States, with infinitely less cause, against the Filipinos, will soon result in peace that shall bring the blessings of civilization to those "silent, sullen peoples, half-devil and half-child." That nation, happier than Britain, has not had an organized campaign of lying and fraud maligning it throughout two continents, and spreading mendacities in every newspaper ignorant or venal or bigoted enough to print them. The charges of cruelty have not been trumped up by a Leyds or a Stead, but have come from confessions of her own soldiers and generals in the field. It is to the credit of the nation that these charges have caused such a moral revolt and protest as shall punish the wrong-doers and clear the fair name of the Republic which has smitten the chains of oppression from Cuba, and set her free.

Out of seeming evil God still educes good. Out of this great war Britain comes forth stronger, greater, wiser than ever. She has learned much from her stern experience. But the hour of her trial is the hour of her triumph. The Empire has found itself. Her sons have come from afar, even from the ends of the earth, to the aid of the grey old Mother in the northern seas. The Greater Britain beneath the Southern Cross, and that beneath the Seven Stars, alike have sent their sons to cement with their blood upon the brown veldt of Africa a united empire.

We in Canada have special reason to be proud of our brave boys who in great crises of the strife turned the tide of battle and made an imperishable record of valour and fidelity, even unto death. While we weep for their

untimely fall, it is with proud tears that they have proved such faithful sons of the Empire that, with all its faults, stands for truth and righteousness throughout the world. The war has made "the bounds of freedom wider yet." It has welded into an empire one and indissoluble the Great and Greater Britain throughout the world. May this "peace with honour" be one never to be broken.

"Down the dark future, through long generations,  
War's echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say 'Peace!'

"Peace, and no longer from its brazen portals  
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!  
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise."

greatly touched at the marked desire to spare them any humiliation on their surrender. They gave loyal cheers for King Edward VII., and they revealed their concealed guns and ammunition. We think better of them than does Mr. Stead, who declares "that the struggle will recommence, and the Dutch as a race will now work steadily for the independence of South Africa." Mr. Stead seems incapable of appreciating the honour and honesty of either his own countrymen or his particular proteges, the Boers.

Mr. Kruger builded better than he knew when he erected such magnificent parliamentary buildings in Pretoria, as are shown in our engraving. We hope that De wet and Delarey will soon be representatives of their people, if not ministers of the Crown in Free Parliament there assembled. The building is much more stately and grandiose than the Parliament of Cape Town, where the colonial Dutch



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN.

#### TOWARDS THE FUTURE.

It is gratifying to find the gloomy predictions of Mr. Stead and other prophets of evil that the Boers will cherish only feelings of malice and hatred towards their generous conquerors, already refuted. The generous tributes to their valour by Lord Kitchener and the British Parliament and press, and the magnanimous terms of peace, have already called forth a generous response. The Boers were

have for years had free representation, and even a Prime Minister. We hope that the Afrikanerbund in Cape Colony will give up its mad dreams, and loyally accept the situation as their fellow-burghers have done in the Transvaal and Orange Colony.

Already Johannesburg is exhibiting its wonted energy and enterprise, and most of the mines are at work, the stamp mills are grinding out their grist of gold, the ubiquitous Jew ped-



STREET SCENE IN JOHANNESBURG.

dier is in the street, and the strange mixture of savagery and civilization, of Kafir and Zulu, Hindu and Moslem, of elegant British tandem and slow-going Boer ox-team, again crowds the busy streets.

The time when the colonial towns of Pietermaritzburg and Kimberley are seen in their glory is on the great market day, when the huge Boer wag-gons are outspanned, and the biltong and mealies and other farm produce find an eager sale. The streets of Kimberley, so long besieged with shot and shell, so bravely defended by Baden-Powell and Cecil Rhodes, have resumed their wonted quiet. Instead of the marshalling of troops, the peaceful industries of trade and commerce hold sway. Thank God, the rude alarms of war no longer drive the women and children to dens and caves, but Boer and Briton dwell alike beneath the protecting folds of the red-cross flag, which means liberty alike for both.

#### THE PRESS ON THE PEACE.

Most of the press notices on the peace in South Africa show a better appreciation of Britain's clemency than the criticisms during the war. Even in the French and Belgian papers the Anglophobia has quite subsided. Some of the German ones have made jeering and flouting allusions to Britain's "loss of prestige." We are sorry to note the same assertion in

some American papers, even in some Methodist papers. We note this in one whose editor was a born Canadian, but who recently referred to the "greed and gall" of Britain and to Britain's "loss of prestige." Much more generous is the notice of the leading religious journals, *The Outlook*, *The Independent*, and others of similar standing. No nation in the world could have conveyed 250,000 men over sea, and 40,000 prisoners to the best prison sanatoria in the world. The generous and sympathetic treatment of British journalism for the difficulties which the United States have met in the Philippines deserves more generous response than that of Britain's carping critics. *The Christian Uplook* says: "The terms upon which peace has been proclaimed do honour to the victors. The settlement augurs well for humanity. Great Britain has honoured herself in the terms offered and accepted. It is now earnestly hoped that the peace may be permanent, and that the rule of Edward may be productive of great and permanent good among the peoples and tribes of the Dark Continent."

The Congregationalist says: "The support for more than a year of the larger part of the Boer women and children, and the education in English of the latter, has been a war measure unprecedented in history. Its wisdom, we believe, will now be fully vindicated, and its results will show



MARKET DAY AT KIMBERLEY.

a healing effect in the near future of the relations of the two peoples. In Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener England has the two foremost generals of the world ; it has gained the end it sought in war ; it has the only army seasoned in actual war, except our own ; its hands are free, and its prestige has been on the whole increased in the eyes of the real rulers of the world."

The London Telegraph says : "The nation, loyal and free, has the glorious privilege of remembering that from the very beginning of the struggle British subjects at home and over sea have given the most impressive example known in history of the maintenance of empire by the democracy." The London Morning Post also declares that the war "has brought Great and Greater Britain together in a manner unforeseen and hardly hoped for. Great Britain has been the champion not merely of the great principles with which her long history is associated, but also of the interests of other nations whose people during the whole course of the war have persistently maligned her. The British blood that has been so freely shed has been shed in a struggle for the right." The London Times asserts that the war "has proved that we are not unworthy of our past. It has given the world an earnest of what we are capable of doing in the future, if we learn the lesson of the struggle aright. No other nation

could have made such a military effort at such a distance from its base. Lord Salisbury has put our relations with foreign powers on a footing which made it difficult for those who might be inclined to intervene in the quarrel to indulge their inclinations without risks which they did not care to face. By his sagacious and conciliatory diplomacy, ably continued by Lord Lansdowne, he had built up that amicable understanding between ourselves and our American cousins which has done much to sober the reflections of less friendly States." The Times also pays tribute to the "splendid courage and ability" of Mr. Chamberlain. "He has spoken the mind of the nation ever since this controversy became acute. We come out of war to prosecute our imperial mission, younger in the consciousness of our might, and younger in our hopes, than when the brave foes we now welcome as friends forced it upon us."

"Tinges of partisan feeling in favour of Boer or Briton," says The Literary Digest, "mark the American comment on the Boer surrender. The British sympathizers think that South Africa is to be congratulated upon coming under the rule of a great civilizing power like Great Britain, while the Boer sympathizers look for long-continued bitterness, tyranny, and suffering in the conquered territory." "The cause of freedom and progress has conquered," says the New York Journal of Commerce, "and we have rea-

son to hope that in the South Africa of the future Boer and British will merge in a common prosperity and a progressive civilization."

The New York Tribune says: "We may fittingly congratulate our sister nation across the sea. The borders of the British Empire are enlarged. The power of the British Empire for strengthening itself and for advancing the welfare of civilization is increased. The King will presently assume his crown amid universal peace throughout his world-encircling dominions. It is a great day for England and for the British Empire. It is not unduly optimistic to hope it may prove a day of blessing for all the world."

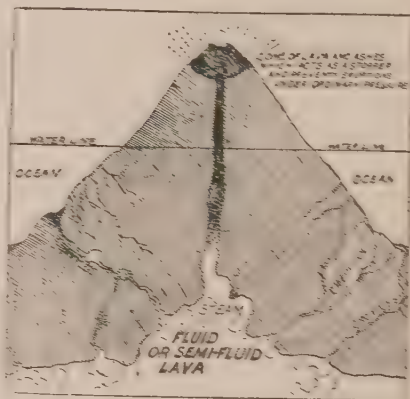
Mr. Stead, as usual, rails at his country, and continues his prophecies of evil: "In South Africa the struggle will recommence. The Boers have reluctantly abandoned the much-prized independence of the Republics. The Dutch as a race will now work steadily for the independence of South Africa."

"If Britain were a fraction of the brutal bully she is sometimes painted," says the Montreal Star, "she would have made peace with her eye on the past. But the British Government, being a Government of statesmen and Empire-builders, drafted their terms with their eyes on the future. John Bull lived down the falsehoods of his enemies abroad, and won the respect of the Boers in the field. When the war ended, of the eight thousand Boers still under arms, no less than two thousand were fighting under their own leaders for the British flag. Lord Kitchener, who knew pretty well what he was about, had no hesitation in reposing the utmost confidence in this body of National Scouts, as they were called, and they did excellent service."

"The terms of surrender," says The Monetary Times, "are so favourable to the Boers, so generous indeed, as to command the approbation of almost the entire world. Germany is the single exception; the loss is Germany's own. The Pope, on the other hand, welcomes the terms of peace as generous. The great organs of American opinion do the same. Since the terms of peace were signed, the Boers have shown a disposition that might be expected from them, when the terms of the surrender are considered. When General Kitchener, addressing a num-

ber of them, stated he hoped that the British and Boers would henceforth be friends, the sentiment was applauded to the echo. This is a good omen, and we trust it will prove a sure precursor of what is to happen in the future."

#### VOLCANIC ACTION.



TYPICAL VOLCANO.

The month has been one of unprecedented disasters throughout the world. The earthquakes in the West Indies and Guatemala fairly stagger humanity with their tragic character. They speak to our hearts in words of solemn warning, "Be still, and know that I am God." The outburst of sympathy and charity from all parts of the world illustrate once more the essential unity and solidarity of the race. Nearer home the dreadful disaster at Fernie makes us feel how frail is our tenure of life, what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue. It is said that every precaution was taken to avoid accident, but that some of the men would persist in carrying matches and smoking where a spark would suffice to bring about a fearful disaster.

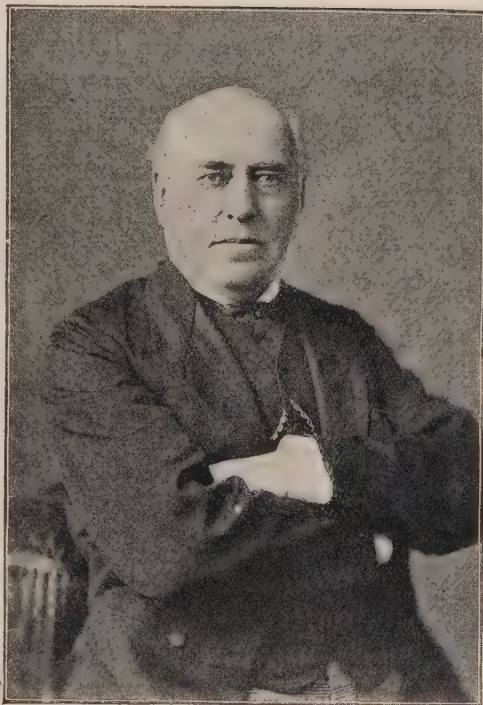
The essential feature of a volcano is a tube or conduit, leading from the highly heated subcrust portion of the earth to the surface, through which molten rock is forced upward to the surface. The most marked variations in the process depend on the quantity of molten rock extruded, and on the freedom of escape of the steam and gases contained in the lava.

The average increase in heat is at

the rate of one degree for each fifty feet of descent. It is seen that a blanket of one hundred thousand feet of rocks would, in time, bring about a heat of two thousand degrees in the lowermost beds of the section. "Acting on the water contained in these rocks," Professor Shaler says, "the effect would be to give this a tendency to pass with explosive violence into the state of vapour. The straining to the state of expansion would be comparable to that of fired gunpowder. So long as this heated water was held in by a compact covering of overlying beds, this interstitial fluid would be likely to remain in the state of repose; but if, in any way, a path were opened for its escape to the surface, it would rush forth, and, in its going, would force along with it the rock in which it was enclosed. At the temperature of even 2,000 degrees, these rocks, though essentially solid, owing to the pressure of materials above them, would become at once softened when the pressure was partly removed, so that they would be driven on by the expanding vapours contained in their centres. As soon as they began to move, they would become essentially liquid—in fact, lava. Coming quickly to the surface, without the chance for the vapour to part from the molten mass, the whole of the discharged matter would, by the expansion of the water in its interspaces, be blown to bits, as we see it is in the beginning of an ordinary eruption. Later on, when the most of the tension is relieved, the lava melts up slowly, so that the vapour has a chance to escape from the mass, permitting it to flow away as a stream. Finally, the discharge of vapour is lessened to a point when it can no longer force the molten rock to the surface, and the particular eruption is over, perhaps to recommence when other masses of steam have found their way to the channel of escape."

#### LORD PAUNCEFOTE.

Another of Britain's great statesmen and diplomats, after serving his country faithfully for many years, has entered the Valhalla of her glorious dead. The diplomat's duties are not of the brilliant and striking character of the soldier's; but they are often more useful. They tend to prevent wars, and to knit the nations together



LORD PAUNCEFOTE.

in bonds of peace and brotherhood. This was especially true of the late Lord Pauncefoot. He employed his great influence to maintain the kindly relations between Great Britain and the United States during the period of stress and strain of the Cleveland ultimatum and subsequent events.

The Outlook says: "He came to possess the complete confidence of our Government, and his friendliness was never more conspicuous than during the period just before the outbreak of the Spanish-American war. It is known that he felt deeply the misrepresentations of his attitude and the misinterpretations of his acts as dean of the diplomatic corps at the outbreak of the war with Spain. On that subject he maintained unbroken silence, although those who are informed do not hesitate to say that he could have cleared the situation with a word. His death is a serious loss to the English diplomatic service, and no less a loss to this country."

Lord Pauncefoot was born in Munich, Bavaria, seventy-four years ago, and was the descendant of one of the most ancient of British families, whose

history is found in the Domesday Book. Educated as a lawyer, he went to Hong-Kong, practised law, and was local Attorney-General in 1866, and in 1874 became Chief Justice of the Leeward Islands. He came to Washington in 1889. His service there was one unbroken record of successful diplomacy. The Bering Sea negotiations were among his earliest works of importance.

The honour shown his memory by the Government of the United States is exceedingly grateful to the British nation. As Great Britain sent back to his native land in one of her mighty sea-castles that distinguished American, George Peabody, so the United States returns, in one of her stateliest war-ships, all that is mortal of the great English pro-consul, to the home of his fathers.

#### JOHN BULL'S DECADENCE.



The Ulyssean spirits strive  
Unconquered; with hoary heads  
Erect in the battle, they greet  
Earth with a cry of delight;  
They urge their barks at the last

Notwithstanding the American invasion, John Bull's business never had a more successful year. The increase in his business amounts to ten billions of dollars, and his ledger shows that he owns fifty per cent. of the world's shipping, and does seventy-five per cent. of the world's carrying trade. He can afford to sell a lot of British-built vessels at a high price to the Morgan syndicate, and go on building other and better ones for himself and colonies. There is life in the old land yet.



#### ROOSEVELT AND THE CATTLE BARONS.

Angry cattle raisers, says Public Opinion, are now violently protesting against the strenuousness of the President. When the cattle barons, not content with using the public domain as grazing commons, began to fence in the land and to forbid others to trespass on it, the patience of the Interior Department became seriously taxed. The President, on hearing the report of this from Secretary Hitchcock, said, "Put them off." So the ejectment orders went forth, occasioning wrath in many parts of New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Nebraska, Kansas, and Oregon.

To the very verge of fate;—  
Well knowing the Fortunate Isles  
Wait hearts unconquerable,  
And that crowns are elsewhere found  
By such as can win them here.

—Pastor Felix, from "Eglamor's Complaint."

## Religious Intelligence.

### THE CONFERENCES.

We go to press too soon after the Conferences to fully comment upon their sessions. They were characterized by a feeling of genial optimism. When the statistics of the year will be completed, they will show substantial increase in almost every department. It was feared that the large givings to the Twentieth Century Fund would reduce the income of the other funds for the year. The very contrary has been the case. The Missionary Fund, both General and Woman's Society, the Education, and, we think, other funds, are largely in advance. The Victoria University, for the first time in its history, reports a balance in the treasury—not a large one, it is true, only three cents, but it experiences the new sensation of being out of debt. The aid granted the Missionary Society from the Twentieth Century Fund is not used for current expenditure, but as a reserve or rest, which, as an asset of the Society, saves a large amount of discount in the bank. It is hoped that before long the whole of the annual interest will be saved by having, like the Woman's Missionary Society, funds in hand without discounting notes.

The visit of our General Superintendent to so many of the Conferences, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is a strong, unifying influence in maintaining uniformity of administration and connexional esprit de corps. His ringing utterances on the temperance question, his patriotic sentiments on Britain's "peace with honour," his strong appeal on behalf of imperilled St. James' Church, have all produced a profound impression.

The Conferences gave no uncertain sound on the temperance referendum, and, we believe, our Church will go into the campaign on its behalf with enthusiasm and success.

The visit of the Rev. George Jackson, M.A., leader of the Forward Movement in Edinburgh, at three of the Conferences, was of special interest. His sermons and address in Toronto will long be remembered for their spiritual power, their literary grace, their epigrammatic terseness. It was an inspiration to hear that

Methodism, which fifteen years ago had only one small church in Edinburgh, has now erected a great mission building at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars, where an intense evangelism is exercised for the salvation of the people in the Athens of the Empire.

The visit of the Rev. F. L. Wiseman, leader of the Forward Movement at Birmingham, was also one of great inspiration. His keen insight into spiritual truth, his dramatic manner of its presentation, had more of the fiery fervour of the Celt than of the cool, self-poise we attribute to the typical Englishman.

The visit of the Rev. E. G. Rowe, from Australia, on his way to the British Conference, is another illustration of the far-flung influence of the mother Methodism of the world. Again is fulfilled the Scripture, "Thy sons shall come from far." It is very delightful to greet these brethren representing a world-wide Methodism. We have much we can learn from their methods, and there is doubtless something they may learn from ours.

As we write, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada is meeting. We shall have some further comment to make upon the aggressive work of this great sister denomination in our next month's notes.

The Synods of the Church of England are in session. We are glad to note the emphasis with which representative men of that Church rebuke the supercilious arrogance of a gentleman, who had better remain unnamed, who hurled an opprobrious epithet, better not repeated, against the people called Methodists. In the old-fashioned words of their old-fashioned prayer-book, we wish this venerable Church "Good luck in the name of the Lord."

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### THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has to deal with a vexed question—the retention or rejection of a grant of \$288,000 made by the United States

Government in settlement of war claim for the destruction of property during the Secession conflict. Strong feeling was aroused on account of the exorbitant commission of \$100,800 paid an agent for securing the passage of the claim. The Church, anxious to clear its skirts from all complicity with wrong, declared its willingness to repay the whole amount if the United States Senate judged that it was not righteously obtained.

Dr. Hoss, the brilliant editor of *The Christian Advocate*, and Dr. Alexander Coke Smith, the visits to Canada of both of whom will be remembered with such pleasure, were elected to the office of Bishop; the Rev. George B. Winton, Principal of the Theological Training School in Mexico, was elected as editor of *The Christian Advocate*; and Dr. R. J. Bigham, of Georgia, as senior agent of the Book Concern. All other connexional officers were re-elected.

The Conference has decided to adopt the order of deaconesses, which, we are sure, will be as successful in the South as in the North.

The statistics of the Church at the close of the quadrennium show large advance in the great benevolent societies. The total gain over preceding four years is \$391,000. For foreign missions the increase was 17 per cent., and domestic missions 7 per cent. The Woman's Foreign Board increased 26 per cent., and Home Board 25 per cent. Church extension gained 28 per cent. The membership, too, shows a large increase for 1901, carrying the total collections above a million and a half for the four years.

Our own Dr. Brecken was the honoured fraternal delegate from Canada. His address received warm commendation as a statesmanlike and eloquent document. He paid a just and discriminative tribute to our own land, and set forth, in able and eloquent periods, its vast extent and exhaustless resources.

The Rev. F. L. Wiseman, fraternal delegate from the British Conference, captured all hearts by the vigour, vivacity, and dramatic spirit of his address. Those who heard him in Toronto can well credit the account of its electric effect. He possesses unusual gifts and graces. Of slender physique and almost boyish appearance, he is alive to his very finger-

tips, vibrant with force, giving off mental shocks like an intellectual dynamo. At the Twentieth Century Thank-offering meeting in New York, he created a profound impression, but our own Dr. Potts, massive and majestic, closed the meeting in an address of thrilling power.

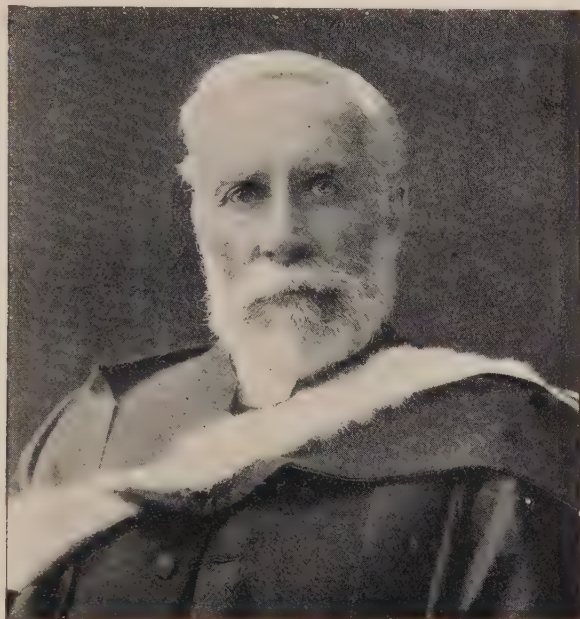
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#### WILLIAM TAYLOR.

Amid the busy rush of life, the world stands still for a moment when a great man falls. In the quiet little town of Palo Alto, a worn-out veteran Methodist preacher dies, and the press, secular as well as religious, of a continent, glows with tributes to his memory. He lived and died a poor man, but he lives in the world's heart as a great man. It was our privilege to entertain Bishop Taylor in our own home. We felt that our roof-tree was honoured by his sojourn beneath it. He was one of God's prophets and sages and seers of these latter days.

When he went to South Africa, he carried out the Pauline principle of working with his hands for his living, and was dependent on the manufacture and sale of his books for his large expenditure and benefactions. When he went on his mission tour to South Africa it was in the steerage of the vessel, literally among the steers. He slept upon the deck, and was awakened by the cocks crowing on his breast. He tramped on his mission of peace many hundreds of miles over the brown veldt of Africa, since stained a ruddier hue by war. He toiled with his faithful blacks in the native home, showing them how to work as well as pray. His missionary methods may have been mistaken, but the moral heroism of the man towered supreme. We heard his address at the General Conference on his return from Africa. The old veteran declared that his mission could no more be compared with some others than a coal yard could be likened to a millinery shop. In journeyings oft he surpassed probably any other missionary who ever lived, and it is estimated that no less than fifty thousand souls were, through his labours, brought into the kingdom of righteousness.

"Servant of God, well done,  
Rest from thy loved employ,  
The battle's fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master's joy."



CHANCELLOR BURWASH, S.T.D., F.R.S.C.

Dr. Nathaniel Burwash is a son of our Canadian soil, of U. E. Loyalist descent, and more remotely sprung from an old Chancellor Burwash of far-off Scottish times. Nearly the whole of his ministerial life, nearly forty years, has been given to educational work. He has impressed himself upon successive generations of students as few men in Canada or elsewhere have done. He is described by an independent critic as "a man of great power of mind and administrative ability."

He is in an exceptionally high degree fitted for his responsible position as Chancellor of Victoria University. Few men are his equal as an all-round scholar. Thoroughly equipped in classic and Oriental learning, with a working knowledge of moderns, he possesses also what few theologians enjoy, an unusual acquaintance with the physical sciences, and is a profound student of economics. But so modest is he withal that only his students who come into intimate contact with him day by day know the breadth of his learning, the depth of his sym-

pathy, the moral intenseness of his religious life. He always reminds us of his namesake in the Gospel—an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile.

The Royal Society of Canada, at its recent meeting in this city, did itself honour by electing to the Fellowship rendered vacant by the death of Principal Grant, the Rev. Dr. Burwash, Chancellor of Victoria University. Dr. Burwash's distinction as a scholar, a writer, and educationist, would have long since entitled him to fellowship in this society, but from its constitution its membership is rigidly restricted in numbers, and only upon the death of one of its Fellows does a place become vacant. Apart from his general scholarship and administrative ability, Dr. Burwash has established a special claim to this distinction by his work in two large octavo volumes, on "Inductive Christian Theology," recently published in Great Britain, and in this country. This book has won warm commendation as an important contribution to theological science.

## Book Notices.

"Holy-Days and Holidays." A Treasury of Historical Material, Sermons in Full and in Brief, Suggestive Thoughts, and Poetry, relating to Holy-Days and Holidays. Compiled by Edward M. Deems, A.M., Ph.D. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo, Pp. x-768.

This book supplies a felt want. Many of our every-day usages and customs have their roots far back in antiquity, and are intertwined with the most sacred and hallowed associations. It is wise to take advantage of the recurring festivals of the Christian year, the holy days of the Church, and also the holidays of the State, in order to learn therefrom the sacred or secular lessons which they can so strongly teach. This should be done alike in the pulpit, the school, and the home.

We know not where such a repertoire of historic information and tradition, such a treasury of religious and poetic thought upon the anniversaries of the year, can be found as in this goodly octavo. The best thought of the world's best thinkers and preachers and singers is here collected and conveniently grouped for reference and use. Not merely Christmas, Palm Sunday, and Easter, but New Year's, Epiphany, Ascension Day, Whitsunday, Trinity, All Saints', and Thanksgiving in the Christian year, and patriotic occasions in the United States and Canada, as Emancipation Day, Arbour Day, Victoria and Empire Day, Dominion Day, Harvest-Home, King's Birthday, Forefathers' Day, and the like, are fully treated. The method is to describe first the historic or traditional significance of the festival and its celebration in the early Church, to give one or more theses by distinguished divines, then a group of suggestive thoughts and illustrations, and a thesaurus of the best verses of the ages on the subject. The book will be found invaluable in preparing sermons, addresses, and instructions on the holy days and holidays which we celebrate.

"An American at Oxford." By John Corbin. Author of "Schoolboy

Life in England." With illustrations. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xi-325. Price, \$1.50.

The author of this book notes the striking coincidence that its last proof was sent to the printer on the very day on which the will of the late Cecil Rhodes was announced, providing that each of the United States should be for ever represented at Oxford by two carefully selected undergraduates. Some American writers have cavilled and quibbled at this generous provision, as though it were an assault upon their national independence. Mr. Corbin, who knows Oxford well, thinks, on the contrary, that few things could be more fortunate. "The elements which the United States may need most may best be assimilated from England." "If the new Oxford-trained American should ever become an important factor in our university life," he says, "the future is bright with hope."

He pays a generous tribute to the influence of the great English universities, which, he says, "have manned the British Empire." One of the most signal examples is Cecil Rhodes himself. Mr. Corbin gives us an inside view of life at Oxford, which to many Canadian readers will be of special interest. The initiation of the student into college life by pleasant breakfast parties, he thinks, more civilized form than the rushes and hazings of American colleges. The college life is by no means as strenuous as in some Canadian institutions. There is a good deal of genteel idleness, but an important phase of education is acquired by its social amenities.

The athletic side of college life we think decidedly overemphasized. There is also, we are sorry to note, a deal of drinking, smoking, and even gaming; but the author considers there is less than at Harvard or Yale, and the restrictions prevent the dissipations to which the greater freedom of American college life permits or fosters. The college clubs are, he says, the training-ground of British statesmen.

There is little said of the more seri-

ous side of college life, as to its religious earnestness and missionary zeal. Yet we find glimpses of undergraduates in cap and gown standing around the Martyrs' Memorial singing hymns and exhorting the townspeople. "They filled," says the author, "the most careless of us with a very definite admiration. One of the fellows said that he thought them mighty plucky, and that they had the stuff at least out of which sportsmen are made. In America there are slumming societies and total abstinence leagues; but I never knew any body of men, who had the courage to stand up in the highway and preach their gospel to passers-by." We are glad to know that at our own Victoria the moral standard is so high. We have heard of a couple of students deterred from registering there on account of the general feeling against smoking, but anxious parents and earnest students will think none the less of it on that account.

"In Canada and Australia, South Africa and India," says Mr. Corbin, "you will find the old Oxonian. With-out a large body of men, animated by such traditions, it is no exaggeration to say that it would not have been possible to build up the British Empire." Graphic accounts are given of the football and boat-racing, and several chapters describe the colleges and educational force.

The Oxford "wines," and the German duels and "kneipe," are serious blemishes in those institutions. The personal relations of students to such dons as Newman, Jowett, Pusey, Stubbs, Lang, is greater than the American student could hope for with a Lowell or Longfellow, Agassiz, Child, or Norton. The book sparkles with humour, and gives rare insight into university life in England, Germany, and America. The smaller college of Canada has marked advantages for our needs.

"The Dark o' the Moon." By S. R. Crockett. Author of "The Red Axe," "Kit Kennedy, etc. Illustrated. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 454. Price, \$1.50.

We sat up nearly all night to read the advance proofs of Crockett's "Raiders," in order to order plates by cable next day. It was one of the most successful of his Scottish tales.

This volume is its sequel; its scene is placed in the same wild Galloway, with its mountains and heather, its muirs and moss-hags. As its name suggests, it is a tale of plot and counter-plot, of wild adventure, of smugglers and gypsies, with the revolt of the crofters against their exclusion from their immemorial rights.

Crockett is at his best in his mountain home. "His foot is on his native heath, Macgregor is himself again." He portrays the Scottish character, and employs the Scottish dialect in a way that no one since the great Wizard of the North has rivalled. The grim, dour, covenanting minister of Balmaghie is one of the noblest types he has ever created. When face to face with death he preaches to the men who would be his murderers, in the very spirit of a Covenanting martyr:

"'Poor worm!' said the minister, 'and you, yet poorer deluded lads! I am heart-wae for you, so sadly are ye left to yourselves! You may indeed lay me dead by the side of this honest soldier, but what will that profit you? How will ye answer for your deed in that Day?'

"'I take these woods and fields to witness my solemn, dying warning—these distant hills and clear-running streams—that this day I have preached to you repentance and forgiveness of sin! Scatter! leave the sinner to perish in his sin! Flee from the wrath to come—from the judgment that shall surely fall on the ungodly! While yet there is time, turn to Him and live!'

A Canadian interest is given to the story in that its brave heroine becomes the wife of the Governor of Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, in the great Scottish emigration of the eighteenth century.

"Daniel Webster." By Samuel W. McCall. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 124. Price, 80 cents net.

Daniel Webster was one of the greatest of American orators and statesmen. He graduated from Dartmouth College as long ago as 1801. An elaborate centennial celebration of that event was celebrated at his Alma Mater. On that occasion Mr. McCall gave the eloquent oration which is reprinted in this book. Webster's reply to Heyne is dear to the heart of

most American schoolboys. As a shrewd, keen negotiator, Webster got ahead of the British diplomat, Lord Ashburton, to the permanent disadvantage of Canada. This monograph will have special interest for Canadian readers. It is prefixed by a striking portrait of the leonine face of the great orator, surmounted by a preposterous tall hat.

"Heralds of Empire." By Agnes C. Laut, author of "Lords of the North." Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.25.

This Canadian writer leaped at once to fame by her strongly written book on the "Lords of the North." In the present volume she returns to the theme of the building of the empire in the great North Land, in which the Hudson's Bay Company long held sway. She gives a vivid picture of winter life in the far north, of the perils and heroisms of the trappers and traders, and of the striking experiences encountered in laying the foundations of empire in our great Dominion.

"Commonwealth or Empire." By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. New York: The MacMillan Company. Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Company. Price, \$1.

Professor Goldwin Smith is nothing if not critical. From his wide knowledge of affairs and of history, few men are so capable of wise criticism. He is in sympathy with social and moral reform, and is chivalrously on the side of the poor and the oppressed, the under dog in the fight, and strongly opposed to the recent imperialistic programme of both Great Britain and the United States. He strongly denounces war, and the gigantic trusts, which, under the guise of peace, despoil the poor to aggrandize the rich. But we do not think the world is suffering a moral eclipse. We think that even the war in South Africa and the Philippines will inure to the benefit of both Boer and Filipino, that out of seeming evil God still educes good.

"Bread and Wine." A story of Graubünden. By Maude Egerton King. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. x-191. Price, \$1.25.

This is a tender and beautiful story of village life in the high Alps. It tells of the little rift within the lute

that comes into a peasant family, how it slowly widened, striking the music mute, and causing sadness and alienation, and strife. But again is fulfilled the word, "A little child shall lead them," and husband and wife are reunited in a deep and abiding love. The story is as pure as the air of the mountain-tops. The peasant wife, Ursula, is worthy of the saintly name she bears. In devotion to duty she finds a panacea for sorrow and a spell to keep her soul from sin.

"Systems of Ethics." In three parts. Part I. Theoretical Ethics. Part II. Practical Ethics. Part III. History of Ethics. By Aaron Schuyler, Ph.D., LL.D. Professor of Philosophy and Higher Mathematics, Kansas Wesleyan University. Author of "Logic," "Psychology," etc. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 464. Price, \$1.50.

Dr. Schuyler is well known as a successful author on psychology and ethics. In this book the subject is treated very largely from the historical point of view, discussing the Theist, Intuitionist, Utilitarian, Evolutionary, and Eclectic systems of ethics. It is a work of such importance that we shall place it in the hands of an accomplished writer for fuller review.

"Modern Criticism and the Preaching of the Old Testament." A brief view of theories advocated in Professor George Adam Smith's Yale Lectures. By the Rev. E. H. Dewart, D.D. Pp. 32. Price, 10 cents.

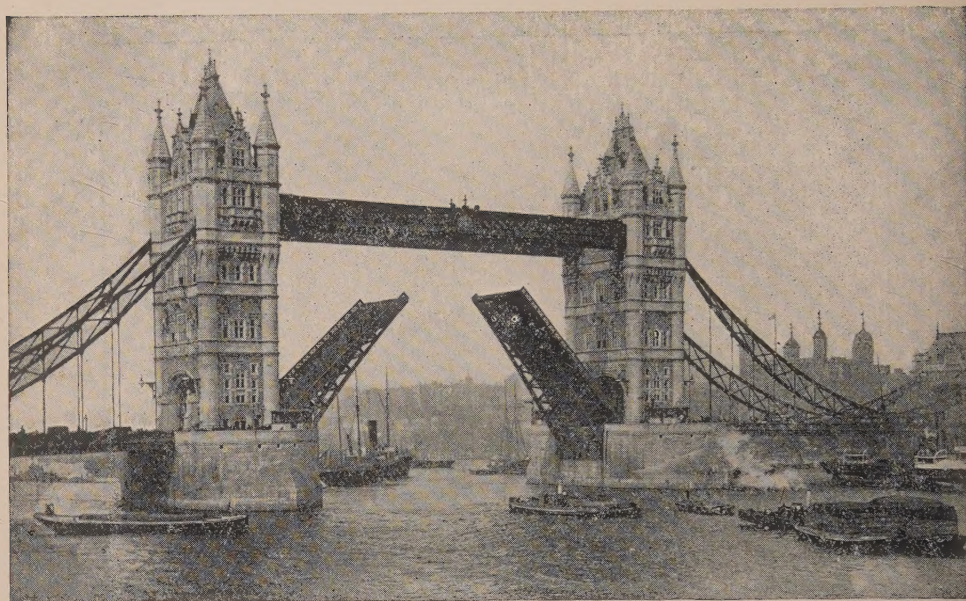
Dr. Dewart has rendered invaluable service to the cause of sound biblical criticism by his contributions to such high-class periodicals as *The Bibliotheca Sacra* and *The Homiletic Review*, and by his volumes on "The Bible Under Higher Criticism," and "The Messiah in Prophecy and Fulfillment." In his latest pamphlet he justifies free criticism, but severely arraigns the disintegrating negative or destructive criticism of some of the "new lights" in biblical scholarship. He shows the tendency of the so-called higher criticism is to a denial of supernatural religion, in many cases eviscerating the very life from the Word of God. We commend this thoughtful and scholarly pamphlet to careful reading.



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